The Man Of Galilee

See Fifth Page.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

THE EARLY AUTUMN.

The days are growing shorter now,
The nights are growing cool,
The children, all unwillingly,
Are toddling off to school.
The rattling sound of winter coal
On every side you hear:
All evidence that winter grim
Is swiftly drawing near.

The bathing beach is lonely now!
Old ocean's empty arms
Are beckoning vainly, for the girls
No longer yield their charms
To his embrace. They've hurried home,
In all their loveliness,
And when the world shall see them next
'Twill be in ballroom dress.

The hammock swinging in the breeze
No double burden bears.
Gladys and her young man prefer
The red piazza chairs.
Soon they will have to go indoors,
And then, by lamplight dim,
He will expound his love for her,
And she her love for him.

Yes, the glad summer time is gone
And autumn now is here,
It's both the saddest season and
The gladdest of the year;
For though the leaves are turning brown
The grapes are getting sweet,
And the roasted chestnuts soon will be
For sale upon the street!
—Somerville Journal.

WHAT SAVED HIM.

He was ragged and tanned
And his hair was long—
And he looked as though
He had done much wrong.
His eyes were red
And his clothing thin
And St. Peter seemed loath
He should enter in.
But he thought he would ask
What wrong he had done,
And inquire if on earth
Any glory he'd won.
Azrael that moment came along
And saw the figure rugged and wan
He looked at him closely and said, "St. Peter,
You can pass him in—I know that man!"
St. Peter referred to his pond'rous book
And found against him many a crime—
And, alas! as he looked on the other page,
He saw that the man had been "serving time."
"I know it!" said Azrael, looking quite sad,
As he gazed on the applicant meek and mild,
"There's one thing, I'm sure that will pass him in—
He ne'er broke a promise he made to a child!"
—Howard Sixby, in Cincinnati Times-Star.

LI HUNG CHANG.

Oh, Li Hung Chang was a wonderful man,
And he lived in the land of tea;
You have seen him pictured on many a fan—
Such a wonderful man was he.

And peacock's feathers he gayly wore,
And letters of state he wrote;
He was up in knowledge and martial lore
And they gave him the yellow coat.

An honor great in the land of Ching,
This omelet robe to wear,
But Li Hung Chang, of whom I sing,
He really did not care.

Off he went on a royal spree,
And whooped things up sky high;
He sailed about on the blue Yalee
And drank of the Chinese rye.

Then they gathered his peacock's feathers in
And they took his coat away;
They disregarded his loud "chin-chin,"
Because he had got too gay.

Deep he smokes till the air grows dim,
But he feels not a single pang;
Little, indeed, in matters to him,
For still he is Li Hung Chang.
—New York Herald.

Our Storiette.

A COMPLICATED CONVERSION

From the French.

That evening the venerable missionary, Jean Baptist Salis, better known as the Pere Blanc, experienced a great apostolic joy.

The Pere Blanc, whose mission was among the negroes of Kou-Nassin, situated near Dahomey, had just learned that the chief of this savage tribe, Sakienko-Lae, with whom he had long labored vainly, had at last decided to be baptized.

It must not be supposed that this sudden religious ardor had taken possession of the black sheep—I mean the black chief—as the result of any such spiritual considerations as would have had weight with civilized backsliders. The fact is that Sakienko-Lae had accidentally been present at a special service which the good father had held a few days before under the palm trees, and had gone into ecstacies over a wonderful gold-embroidered chasuble which the eloquent missionary had worn.

"If you will give me your yellow overcoat," said Sakienko through an interpreter, "I will let you pour water on my head as you did on that proud warrior Sicambre, two moons ago."

The missionary could not part with his chasuble, even in so good a cause, but he said:

"You majesty will understand that

SAKIENKO IN FULL DRESS.

I cannot give up my priestly vestments, but if you will be baptized I promise you the three-cornered hat of a French general."

"Good," grunted Sakienko; "it is a bargain," and he tapped majestically upon his well-rounded stomach, that being a sign of his royal approval.

The bargain being concluded, the Pere Blanc said with a serious air:

"Now that your majesty is converted, you must enter into the monogamic state. At present you have twelve wives who are the joy of your heart, but I may not baptize you until you get rid of eleven of these. All the texts, the fathers, the canons, the popes and the councils are agreed on this point. It is hard for you, I know, but come, sire, make the effort. After all, as the saying is, 'A single woman sufficeth for a single man.'"

Sakienko's soul was plunged in sadness. What! he must give up eleven of the twelve dusky beauties who had made his life a heaven, and content himself with a single wife! The more he thought of it the more impossible such a renunciation appeared to him.

"How can you expect me, reverend father, to choose a single one among my dozen domestic joys? You have not gazed upon them, or you would not impose upon me such terrible conditions. Listen! Three of my wives I inherited from my father, whom we

"MY TWELVE WIVES ARE HERE."

ate with filial devotion one day when his growing infirmities rendered life unbearable to him. These three have passed the thirty-year point, and their faces are drawn with wrinkles like a spider's web. But they know how to prepare dishes which tempt my jaded appetite and they give me remedies which bring me relief when I am down with indigestion. Three other wives I captured in war from neighboring tribes; they had been wives of illustrious chieftains, and came to me with sobs and tears which time has calmed. There are three others who were given me by my loving people on my last birthday. Hardly have they reached their fifteenth year, and, like timid gazelles, their eyes shine ever as with tears, and my image alone fills their hearts. The last three are mere children, and as they laugh and play around me they seem like frightened lizards, running about in the sand. They bring me gayety when I am sad, for black kings know what sorrow is."

With these words, Sakienko let his head fall sadly, and all the brass chains and rings and bracelets rattled against his ebony skin. Then he withdrew, and for fifteen days did not leave his gourbi, where he sat with his legs crossed, smoking and thinking.

One night he sought the good father and said:

"I have done what you demanded."

The missionary sprang up joyfully.

"What! You have put away eleven of your wives?"

"I have put away the whole dozen, and I have just married a new one."

These words enchanted the Pere Blanc. "What!" he exclaimed, "did your majesty do with the twelve other ones?"

The countenance of Sakienko-Lae was a study as he replied:

"I could not bear the thought of abandoning these dear ones. Left alone, they would have been wretched, or married again it would have been madly jealous. So I sacrificed the three youngest, and ate them a la broche. The three gazelles I had served on my table a la marinade, and they were excellent. The three wives of illustrious chieftains I ate cold, and finally I cooked my father's three wives in a delicious stew with rice and kouskoussou. And now that I have heeded your teachings and entered into the monogamic state, give me your three-cornered hat, Father Blanc, and bring on your water."

And then, with the same royal gesture, Sakienko-Lae rapped once more on his stomach, which was rounded out fuller than ever, and grunted:

"My twelve wives are here."

THE WAIT IN THE PARLOR.

Leave a Paper or a Magazine for Your Young Man to Read.

There are few moments so trying to the personal dignity of a man as when sitting below waiting the descent of the expected one. Such is the proud spirit of man that, although in the easiest chair in the most luxurious room in the house, he has still an uneasy sense of one left by the footman to cool his heels in the hall. These preliminary ten minutes—which a man assumes is the usual length of time—are sufficient to throw out of gear the most composed nerves. For although a man may not have any definite intent in his mind in paying a visit, the mere act of waiting and the sense of the preparation going on upstairs seem to give a hitherto unsuspected importance to his presence in the house, and he feels himself getting fidgety and uncertain.

A man who has undergone these experiences wants to know why women do not have books and papers in the drawing rooms to engage their visitors in waiting. He has so much suffered in being left to prey upon himself at such times that he avers he never goes to call on a girl without a book in his pocket. Moreover, he feels that the girl loses an opportunity in not having books—favorites, or so assumed—lying about casually for her visitors to see. In this manner she might acquaint them with the tastes or ideas that she may have, or prefers to have thought that she has.

A couple of generations ago no parlor would be thought complete without a copy of "Lalla Rookh," to be thumbed in anxious moments by young men in striped trousers and low shoes. A generation ago men in peg tops beguiled themselves with blue and gold editions of "Lucille."

The young man of to-day, it appears, is left to himself among cushions, faience statuettes and contemporaneous little figures in parti-colored French bronze, until he feels, indeed, like a bull in a china shop.—San Francisco Argonaut.

All Depended on the Judge.

He was addressing a lowly but intelligent audience in the vicinity of Seven Dials, and he had selected for his discourse, "Rhymes and Rhyming," so that he might illustrate to those rough and rugged minds how far the charms of poetry can brighten the poor man's hearth. And touching upon the difficulties of rhyming, he said:

"It is easy enough, my friends, to get a rhyme for so simple a word as 'sea,' but what can you get for 'burglary?'"

"Well, guv-ner," exclaimed one of his hearers, "it all depends upon the judge. My Bill got seven years!"—Pearson's Weekly.

No Doubt About It.

Hearing a faint rustle in the darkened hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out:

"Well, Bessie, have you landed him?"

It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man:

"She has."—Detroit Tribune.

A Domestic Flare.

"Sairy Ann," he said, with a touch of asperity in his voice.

"What is it?" asked the president of the Ringville association of Emancipated Women.

"Any woman that can't sew on a suspender button any better'n you did this one couldn't discharge the duties of sheriff nohow. An' I'm durned ef I'll vote fur ye."—Washington Star.

Sound Sleep.

A Maine Central Pullman conductor is forced to smile and remark oftener than is pleasant: "Good one, wasn't it? Have a cigar?" The other night he tried to wake a man with luxuriant blonde locks, and failing, shook him. The man proved to be a bundle of Smyrna rugs.—Kennebec Journal.

He Was Rich and Ugly.

"Not at all funny, madame, so young as you are, to be deprived of your husband."

"That depends, Monsieur; if, for instance, I were your widow, I should ask nothing better!"—Journal Amusant.

They Don't Pay Rent.

About 8,000,000 people of the United States own their own homes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SHE KEPT RIGHT ON WONDERING.

May Irwin's Encounter With a Woman's Rights Advocate.

May Irwin places her plump hand over her big heart, says the New York Sun, looks as solemn as when she played in Daly's company, and deposeth and affirms as follows, to wit:

"I was sitting in my rooms in Forty-second street one afternoon last year, thinking how wicked it was to 'gag' during matinee performances, because the audiences are mostly women, who do not understand 'gagging,' when a card was brought to me. It was that of a lady whose name was somehow familiar to me, yet just how I could not fix in my mind. I had seen the name in the papers, I know; yet in what relation I could not recollect. It did not seem to me that it had been in connection with affairs of my profession. I had told my maid to tell the lady I was in, and was wondering who and what she could be while waiting for her.

"Tell you her name? Not in a thousand years! Well, she entered and greeted me with effusion, as "dear sister." That surprised me, for it was not F'o—she's my real sister, you know—and so I didn't do anything but keep right on wondering; except, of course, I asked her to sit down. I luckily caught myse'f in time just as I was going to offer her a cigarette, and kept right on wondering.

"She was richly dressed, but was somehow made up for a 'stern aunt' part, or something in that line.

"She suddenly produced a roll of paper, and I guessed she was going to read me a new play, although she did not look as if she would think of just the kind of a play I would want, so I just kept right on wondering.

"Then she spoke, 'My dear sister,' she said, 'I have been appointed by the ladies of our league to give you an opportunity to sign our petition to the constitutional convention.'

"'What is your petition?' I asked, 'and what is the constitutional convention?'

"I thought the constitutional convention might be some kind of a rest cure, but I really didn't know until she explained, and in the meantime I just kept right on wondering.

"When I asked my question she started and looked at me real cross, and then she laughed and said: 'Oh, I see you are joking. I fancy it is difficult to overcome your stage habit of being whimsical.'

"'Say, what do you think?

"I assured her I was dead serious, and then she explained that the petition was from the Woman's Rights League, and was to be presented to some men who were going to do something to the laws.

"'But, madam,' I said, 'I have all the rights I want, and more than I desire, perhaps. I make my own living under contracts I make myself; the courts will enforce my contracts if I require their aid; I do as I like, and no one interferes with me. If you will excuse me, I believe I'd rather not sign your petition.'

"'I never saw such an amazed woman. She stared at me, and then exclaimed: 'But you lecture in our cause!'

"'I really began to feel wuzzy. 'I lecture! Not on your life, madam! I never lectured in my life!'

"'Pardon me then, I see I have made a mistake. I supposed I was talking to the Miss May Irwin who is now appearing at the Bijou.'

"'And you're dead right,' I exclaimed, and kept right on wondering what would come next.

"'Then unless there are two Miss May Irwins I certainly heard you deliver a very strong and instructive lecture on woman's rights, and you were out on top of the stage when you delivered it.'

"'Merciful heavens, madam!' I said, for I had just tumbled—dropped, you understand—that she referred to that burlesque turn I used to do in which I told about the different kinds of loads a husband and wife will get with $5.

"'Do you mean to say you took that speech seriously? It was just a comic turn, you understand, a burlesque.'

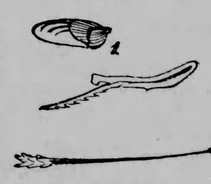
"She gave me an amazed and haughty stare, rolled up her petition, said stiffly, 'I thought you were doing your oppressed sex a great service by delivering a serious lecture against their oppressors, man. I am sorry to learn of my error.'

"She swept out of the room, and I didn't do anything but just keep on wondering."

FANGS OF THE RATTLER.

Some Curious Things Disclosed by Examination of a Dead Specimen.

The accompanying drawing is from life, or rather, from death, of a good-sized rattler, carefully dissected. The reptile was nearly four feet long, had thirteen rattles and when opened was found to have dined not long before on three young rabbits, which were lying snugly in its very long stomach, lengthwise, one after the other, as they were swallowed. The tail at the junction of the rattles is formed of a bundle of fibres much like those of a



THE RATTLESNAKE'S OUTFIT.
(1. The fangs. 2. Jawbone and Teeth. 3. Tongue.

tarred rope, one-third of an inch in diameter, twisted in the same manner, and crossed, so as to give a great force to the end of the tail, on which the loose rattles are arranged.

But the other end of the reptile is of the most interest, because the examination completely upsets all the popular notions so far held about the fangs. There were four of these on each jaw. One was, as shown in the drawing, quite large, over half an inch in length. This is the needle, but not the conveyor of the poison. This is a triple fang, or three separate fangs, very loosely attached to the moving muscles, so that they are very easily drawn out, and they are almost invisible on account of their clear, translucent color, so that they might easily escape notice in a wound made by the real fang. These poison fangs are hollow, and are directly attached to the sac in which the poison is contained.

The tongue is a thin, slender fibre attached by strong muscles—not forked, as popularly supposed, but appearing to be so by its rapid vibration when the reptile is disturbed and shows its hostility to the intruder by giving some of its very sharp tongue. It is very clear under these circumstances that the most apparent fang is the puncturing instrument, and when it has done its work the deadly true fangs, which are tubular, enter the wound and discharge their loads of poison. These are plainly seen to be tubes, and are made exactly like the horns of a cow. They are shown of the actual size of the specimen, as are all the other drawings. Under the microscope the substance of them looks like pearl, and has a delicate polish and finish. No surgical instrument is made so delicately.

Young France.

"Mamma, do the animals know their names?"

"Oh, no."

"So much the better. Wouldn't it be annoying to the little hogs?"—Petit Journal pour Rire.

SKIRTS EIGHT YARDS ROUND.

But the New Dancing Frocks Are Confections, for All That.

If clothes count for aught the plainest debutante may be a picture this season. Her evening frocks are dreams of beauty, but the amount of material required to produce the effect will startle the individual who pays the bill.

The most fashionable skirt for the debutante's dinner or dancing gown is known as the Ripple. It measures eight yards around the bottom. The skirt is perfectly plain and lined with crinoline or haircloth.

As for the bodice, it is the daintiest affair the fashionable modiste has designed for many a day. No matter what its material or color, it is very short draped with some filmy fabric, cut with a low, square neck and fastened in the back. The sleeves require from three and a half to four yards of material, and are usually three-quarter length.

A chic little dancing gown for a debutante is made of pale pink gros grain

with a satin polka dot. The ripple skirt is perfectly plain. White chiffon laid in loose plaits covers the tight-fitting bodice, which is cut with a low, square neck and draped over the corsage with fine lace in the Elsie De Wolfe fashion. Two rosettes of pink velvet are caught on the lace, and a girdle of velvet outlines the waist, finished in the back with a huge rosette.

The butterfly sleeve is the principal feature of this bodice. It is made of gros grain silk, with puff formed into two wings, below which the silk is effectively wrinkled. The sleeve is finished by a deep fall of lace.

Another charming frock for dance or dinner has a plain eight yard round ripple skirt of Nile green satin. The round bodice is also of satin, covered

with fine Brussels net. From yoke to girdle are bands of Nile green satin ribbon, each one outlined with narrow pearl and silver trimmings. The yoke is adjustable, and across the front rosettes of green velvet are fastened. The short sleeves have the effect of fluffy balls. They are formed of frill after frill of Brussels net. Bows of green satin finished with pearl and silver trimmings are used as epaulettes. The long gloves worn with this frock match the satin in color.

"JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING."

Grocer—John, how are those dressed chickens out front going?

Clerk—Very slow, sir. We've only sold one or two since I put them out this morning.

Grocer—Well, we'll have to hurry up and get rid of them or we'll lose the whole lot. Print a sign, "All Sold," and stick it on the pile.

Grocer (two hours later)—John, are there many of the chickens still left?

Clerk—No, sir; they're all gone long ago. I hadn't put out the sign more than a few minutes until every last woman passing by stopped when she saw it, and insisted on buying a chicken.—Chicago Newspaper Union.

She Was a Hygienist.

The robber knight pleaded.

"May I not hope," he asked, "to exact a tribute from those sweet lips?"

His fair captive shivered.

"If you can find it in your heart to take advantage of my helplessness—"

In her voice was the dull, leaden ring of despair.

"—to force attentions upon me that are so very unsanitary."

From all of which it became at once apparent that the lady had followed the scientific discussions of the day.—Detroit Tribune.

Salmon Caught With the Hands.

Adam Englert, a Lockport young man, was lucky enough to catch a salmon in the chute at the dam. Englert saw the big fish trying to make its way up the chute, the water being very low on account of the cofferdam having been put in several days ago. The young man jumped in and caught the salmon in his hands and landed it safely on dry land, and it weighed eleven pounds.—Lock Haven, (Pa.) Express.

An Old One Redressed.

Here is a story of the schoolmaster who promised a crown to any boy who should propound a riddle that he could not answer. One and another tried, and at last a boy asked: "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?"

The master puzzled his wits in vain, and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know.

"Why," said the boy, "it's because I'm waiting for the crown."—Tid Bits.

Where the We Came In.

"Yes, we preserved a lot of fruit this summer," said Mr. Wickwire to the visitor.

"We?" said Mrs. Wickwire, in surprise. "I did every bit of the work myself."

"Yes, you cooked and canned the fruit, my dear, but you must not forget that I had to put up the sugar."—Indianapolis Journal.

Our Serial Story.

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THE GARDEN OF EDEN, U.S.A.

A VERY POSSIBLE STORY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

He was silent for a moment or two, and then broke out again in his rhapsodical way. "What eyes the girl had, Stan. Did you notice them? Such large and speaking ones, and so full of the possibilities of feeling! Heavens! I could swear by those eyes!"

Now, I had particularly noticed the young lady's eyes from the time when they were filled with the evidence of fright because of the runaway horse, until the moment when they were almost filled with tears at the sight of the injury which her classical countenance had wrought upon my proboscis. I could easily have gone into ecstacies over those eyes, but I did not propose to do so in Wayne's presence. Instead, I shut him up rather abruptly. "They were not quite so big as saucers," I declared.

He turned from me in disgust, and I heard no more from him until our messenger boy was ushered into the room. And even then he left me to transact the principal portion of the business with our young detective without any of his assistance.

The boy had evidently been a devoted reader of nickel library detective literature. He produced a crumpled scrap of wrapping paper, which he had evidently picked up in the street, and proceeded to elucidate the statements of his "report." The young lady has visited a book store, and from there had gone to the Century building, but had immediately come out again, as if at some change in her purpose. She had stopped at a transfer office, and had apparently left an order with the clerk, and afterwards had visited a dry goods store and had made some simple purchase. From this point she had taken an uptown car, and had ridden as far as Forty-ninth street. Upon this street she disappeared at No. 1109, first stopping to pick up and kiss a child who was playing upon the doorstep. There was the sign, "Furnished rooms for rent" upon the door post of the house, and after questioning the child and being told that the name of the young lady was "Vivian Green," the boy had called up the landlady, ostensibly to learn if she had any rooms vacant, but really to find out all he could about the young lady.

I was soon possessed of the other particulars which the boy had to give, and then dismissed him with a handsome present in addition to the regular fee. As soon as he was gone Wayne jumped up and gave me a congratulatory slap upon the back. "Old boy, you are a treasure!" he exclaimed. "I am sure that I could never have found the girl in the world."

"How about the morality of it?" I asked, since this has been the point that had seemed to trouble him the most.

"She will never have any reason to blame us upon that score," he declared. "I can satisfy her of my good intentions, at least, if she ever gives me the opportunity! But now you speak of it, where is the real immorality of the thing? I meet a girl whom I am sure that I could learn to love with all my heart, and I know that I can offer her something worthy of consideration in return. But because we have never been introduced I am supposed to turn my back upon her and walk off! The rule may be all right for flirting misses and ill-bred young rascals, but, man, there should be some exceptions to it. If I had my way I would change some things in this world with a vengeance!"

"Well," I said, "I am not a stickler upon that point or upon any other one of Mrs. Grundy's laws. If I honestly went to know a girl I will find some way for it, Mrs. Grundy or no Mrs. Grundy. My trouble just now is a very different one from that. I suppose that you still propose to make love to the girl, now that she is found?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Because I feel like killing you!"

"What for?"

"To get you out of my way! But I suppose that the best that I can do now is to let you marry the girl and then wait until she is a widow."

"Stan, is it as bad as that? What about Miss Mattimore?

"Hang Miss Mattimore! Do you suppose that when a divine creature like Vivian throws herself into your arms, almost cries when she finds that she has hurt you, and, to cap the climax, gives her handkerchief to remember her by, that a fellow isn't going to be affected by it? And you think that destiny intended her for you! If you do not marry your Vivian Green mighty soon, I will run off with her and marry her myself! I believe that I could easily coax the girl into loving me. And, according to my observation, coaxing goes farther than destiny in such instances!"

"Did she give you her handkerchief?" he asked, incredulously.

In answer I produced the article from the pocket where I had put it for safe keeping as soon as the young lady had left us. There was quite a little blood upon it, but that did not prevent us from finding the monogram in one corner. It was a neatly embroidered "V."

"V. stands for Vivian, and that proves that the boy was right!" exclaimed Wayne, laughing in a happy way.

We got down to the matter of details after a little. "What do you propose to do now?" I asked.

"Write to the girl and ask the privilege of an introduction through her mother or some of her gentlemen friends. I will send her references that I think will be satisfactory."

"And get sat down upon again, I suppose. Did you know that honesty is not always the best policy? Why not go to work and get an introduction in some more natural way and leave the girl's gentlemen friends out of the question? Such complications are apt to become mighty awkward in some instances. When your ardor cools down and you want to give the girl up, for example."

"But how can I do that?"

"Well, for one thing, you might take those rooms that are vacant at Mrs. Bodine's for a few days, and make up to the girl's mother. You can get up some excuse for not sleeping there. When you have made your point you can make your explanations and have a good laugh over the matter, if that is necessary. As for Mrs. Green it will be easy enough to get acquainted with her, and she will not rebuff you when she knows that you are rich. The mothers never do that!"

"But wouldn't that be taking a sneaking advantage of the girl? It seems to me that the other way would be the more honest."

"Oh, well, fix it any way you please," I said. "It isn't my lookout, it seems. But let me tell you one thing, and that is that you stand a mighty good chance of losing the girl altogether if you are too honest. She won't believe in that kind of honesty. Honest young millionaires do not make love to girls on the street. They have too many chances to do it in people's parlors."

"But I haven't the cheek to go and take rooms at that house. I would not dare to look the girl in the face if I should meet her."

"Then let me go. I am not so squeamish about it. I will guarantee you an introduction to Miss Vivian in short order, and that with her mother's full consent. I am not quite a duffer with the ladies."

"No, you are not, Stan. Your success with Miss Molly proves that. Will you really go, old man? If you will, go ahead. But if you go you must not run off with the young lady and leave me in the lurch. I should never forgive you if you should do that!"

"You need not worry over that matter," I said, having reached, reluctantly, the point of self sacrifice. "It is your game. Go in and win. That is, if you can! I shall have to earn my wedding fee before I marry a girl of that stamp, and that puts me out of the race for the next five years at least. And I have Miss Mattimore to fall back upon. If I can win her millions you can have Miss Vivian and welcome. But if the divine Miss Vivian should happen to fall in love with my classical countenance, rather than with your pocketbook, you must not accuse me of treachery," I added, illogically. "Remember that I have held her in my arms already, and that I possess her handkerchief. You will never get that in any case!"

Wayne telephoned at once to his agent to engage the vacant rooms at 1109 Forty-ninth street. Two hours later the message was sent to him that the commission had been attended to and that the rooms would be ready for occupancy the next day but one. This unexpected delay was a dampener upon our enthusiasm for the moment, but there was apparently nothing to do but to wait upon the landlady's motion. And yet if we could have imagined that at that very moment two young ladies upon Forty-ninth street were comparing notes and trying to match mental photographs, and that one of us was having a terrible injustice done to him in a certain young lady's mind we might have taken still more heroic measures to find Miss Vivian again and disabuse her of one or two mistaken notions. But such is fate. At times she is a pleasant jade, apparently as anxious as possible to make our lives prosperous and happy, but at other times displaying the diabolical spirit of the villain in a society play.

Wayne was missing upon that particular evening. Where he went he never confessed until long afterwards, but when he came back he was strangely happy. His persistence had been in a measure rewarded. While he was watching, like a love sick lunatic, in front of Mrs. Bodine's, the young lady who had made so deep an impression upon his mind emerged from the house upon an errand to a neighboring drug store. She was obliged to wait a few moments before being served, and during this time Wayne was quietly observing her from the sidewalk outside. When she came out and started back again he managed to meet her fairly. In the semi-darkness she only half recognized him, but that had made but little difference to him. The boy was actually in love at last and the mental photograph of his enslaver was indelibly impressed upon his mind and heart.

When I went to claim my quarters at Mrs. Bodine's Wayne went with me. He seemed to be a little rash under the circumstances, and let him have his way. The landlady at once took us up two flights of stairs and to the rear apartments upon that floor. When our voices revealed our presence in the hall a door at the other end of it was quickly shut and apparently locked. I smiled grimly at the circumstance. Perhaps Miss Vivian and her mother were even occupants of the adjoining suite. In that case I was sure that my task would be an easy one.

The rooms were perfectly satisfactory to us, of course, but Wayne took occasion to make some enquiries concerning the people who had occupied them last. "I dare say that my friend may be a little curious in regard to the matter," he said in explanation.

"It was a lady by the name of Green and her daughter Vivian," the landlady answered. "They were very nice people and Southerners, I believe."

An earthquake could not have had a more unsettling effect upon us. "Vivian Green!" Wayne exclaimed.

I was more composed. "Can you tell me where they have gone?" I asked in as careless a tone as possible. "I believe they are acquaintances of ours, or the young lady is, at least."

"No, I cannot," the landlady answered, looking at us suspiciously for the first time. "They paid their rent when it was due, and that is all I ask of any one, if they are honest and respectable. And I don't want any other kind of people in this house!"

"I wonder if any one in the house would know where they went?" I asked, after a despairing glance at Wayne, which was evidently misinterpreted. "I should really be glad to find them if they are in the city."

"I am sure I do not know," she answered reservedly. "But I do not think that they are in the city. It is possible that the people in the next suite would know about them. They do not seem to be intimate with any of the others."

"Would you kindly inquire for us?" I asked.

The landlady went out, after a searching glance at both of us, and then Wayne and I turned and looked at each other blankly. "What donkeys!" he exclaimed. "When the messenger boy told us that she stopped at the transfer office, probably for a carriage or an express wagon."

"We are a couple of thick-headed lunatics!" I declared. "We had better have let the messenger boy go on with the case. He would have done better than this."

It was some minutes before the landlady returned with the information that the people next door could not tell us where the Greens had gone. The only information that was vouchsafed to us was that their trunks had been sent to the New York Central depot.

"Will you inquire for us of some of your other roomers as you go down?" Wayne asked, desperately.

Mrs. Bodine seemed at first to be inclined to accede to his request, but she evidently thought better of it. "It would not be of any use," she said, decidedly. And then she turned to Wayne. "Where did you become acquainted with Miss Green?" she asked abruptly. I think that our faces must have betrayed us then, if they had not done that entirely. I was about to stammer out some lie or other, but Wayne forestalled me. "It was upon Broadway," he answered honestly.

"I thought so!" she declared. "And I dare say that it was one of you who sent a messenger boy to inquire about her the other day. If it was, you cannot get any more information out of me. Nor from any one else in this house! And I am not sure that I care to rent my rooms to you, either."

She turned in a determined way and led the way down stairs in silence. Upon the way down Wayne and I exchanged a few words without being overheard. "Of course you will not care to come here to stay now," he said. "But had you not better stop for a day or two to see if you cannot pick up some information?"

"What would be the use?" I asked. "There seems to be some mystery in the case. Did you notice how quickly Mrs. Bodine began to be suspicious when we commenced to inquire about the Greens? I dare say Miss Vivian has been telling of her adventure and setting everybody against us. And yet I do not see why any one should make so much out of a simple matter like that. I do not know that it is a penitentiary offense to speak to a girl on the street, even if one hasn't been introduced in the regular way."

Upon reaching the lower hall the landlady was evidently relieved when Wayne told her that we did not care for the rooms, and that she was at liberty to relet them. There seemed to be very little that we could do to remedy matters, under the circumstances, and we went away from Mrs. Bodine's under a cloud which we could by no means comprehend, and which we seemed unable to dissipate. It would doubtless have been better for us if we had demanded the charges against us and braved the matter out, but people who have gotten themselves into disgrace with some good reason for it, are not apt to be over-inquisitive.

But Wayne was by no means satisfied to let the matter rest in this unsatisfactory way. He must have spent some hundreds of dollars in advertising and in secret service work before he was quite satisfied to give up the search and let the matter drop. It was of no avail, however, and it was many a day before either of us saw "Vivian Green" again.

CHAPTER III.

The divine Miss Vivian, having come into the lives of Wayne Morrison and myself, and having wrought untold havoc therein, had disappeared completely, but neither Wayne nor myself were quite inconsolable. My lovelorn friend very soon became deeply interested in a Philadelphia lady who was visiting friends in New York, while I, having given up all hope of finding the one young lady who seemed to have the power of moving my heart, or of winning her favor even if I should find her, went back with renewed vigor to my suit for the Mattimore millions.

The Mattimores and the Marrisons had been near neighbors in some earlier period of their careers, and this accounted in part for the intimacy between the families. I knew that Wayne had been great friends with Molly, for he often spoke of her in a very familiar way, while Mrs. Morrison, from the very kindness of her heart, had taken an unusually friendly interest in Molly's mother. That lady was a motherly being, wholly wrapped up in her daughter's welfare, and anxious upon her account for a high position in society, but decidedly out of place in it herself, for all that. In some country town she would have found a kingdom and a career both, but in New York society, from the very exigencies of the case, she was out of place and bound to be miserable.

A few days before we were to return to Yale there was a party at the Mattimore mansion, and we were all invited as a matter of course. Mrs. Mattimore had begged of Wayne's mother to come early, and this suited both Wayne and myself excellently well. Wayne was anxious to see his new acquaintance at the earliest possible moment, while I was just as anxious to make an early charge upon the affections of the daughter of our host.

Miss Molly welcomed both Wayne and myself with a good deal of warmth, and I was considerably flattered to observe that her welcome was about equally divided between us. As soon as possible after we came I managed to waylay the young lady, and beg of her the privilege of being her partner for the first dance. I was a little surprised that the honor was given to me without the least hesitation, but my pride and gratitude suffered a fall when I found that Wayne's name in his own firm hand-writing was already upon Molly's card for the third place.

I was curious enough about the matter to speak of it when we next met. "How was it that you got the start of me with Miss Molly?" I asked. "I was sure that I was the first to ask her for a dance."

He laughed nonchalantly. "Don't be too inquisitive, my boy," he said. "Inquisitive children sometimes learn more than they really wish to know."

"Go ahead," I said. "You can not frighten me."

"I did not ask Molly for any dance at all," he answered. She offered me her card and told me to spell its beauty in any way I wished. But do not let that discourage you. 'A faint heart—' you know the rest, my brave young gallant. You see I did not try to rob you."

I was obliged to be satisfied with his doubtful consolation, but I soon had my revenge, as far as Molly was concerned. Wayne had no eyes during the whole evening, except for the Philadelphia lady, and Molly seemed correspondingly depressed. But she was particularly sweet and gracious to me meanwhile, possibly because of my friendly relation with Wayne Morrison, and the fact that her liking for him was almost an open secret between us. I had as many dances as I cared to ask for, and she complimented me upon my dancing more than once. In fact that seemed to be a stock method of expression with her when ever for any reason the conversation lagged. And it often lagged that evening. My brilliancy had been expended in making an impression, and I was a little daft now that the time had apparently come for putting my fortune to the test, if I was to speak at all. As for Miss Molly she could not be called a brilliant conversationalist at any time. She had enough mother wit if she chose to exercise it, but she was usually too indolent to exert herself in this or in any other way.

One of the later dances we sat out, having found a secluded seat in a corner of the large conservatory. Molly was still in a pensive mood, and I was quite willing to respect her humor and remain silent myself. I was not yet ready for the decisive words which I feared would rally out short my hopes, and I was waiting, 'twixt hope and fear, for some favorable opening from Molly herself.

But Molly's thoughts were evidently of Wayne. I had boldly taken it for granted that she was interested in him, and, in fact, had made this the basis of my attempt to win her favor. I had already made the discovery that young ladies were usually ready to hear about the young gentlemen in whom they were particularly interested. But I was very careful that nothing I should say about Wayne Morrison should unduly excite her hopes in reference to him.

At length Molly turned and looked at me in an inquisitive way, her pride evidently yielding to her desire to learn more about my friends intentions from a matrimonial point of view. "Mr. Brown, why doesn't Wayne fall in love, like the rest of the young men of his set?" she asked in her blunt, unconventional way. "It is about time that he was thinking of getting married. He is surely old enough."

"Getting married?" I asked, a little surprised at the length she was going in this direction. "I am afraid that he might find it inconvenient keeping a wife at Yale. And then the other young fellows would probably laugh at him if he were in such a hurry to get married as that.

"I don't mean that," said she, laughing harshly. "Why doesn't he become interested in some young lady and get ready to settle down when he gets through college? Most of the young men do if they have got anything to get married on, or can find a sweetheart who has got plenty."

"He has fallen in love, Miss Mattimore," I answered.

"Really and truly?" She was looking at me in an incredulous way.

"Really and truly."

Her look changed to one of expectation. Hope dies hard in some breasts, and then Wayne's new infatuation had not existed long enough to be serious as yet. He had certainly been as friendly with Molly as with any one before that. "Who is the lady?" she asked.

"He ideal!"

"Fiddlesticks! You men talk about your ideals, but you very soon find some ordinary young lady to fall down before and worship in the place of them!"

"Yes." I assented. Wayne has found the young lady also. At least he thinks he has." I was quite ready to tell Miss Molly anything she wished to know that was likely to make my own hopes brighter.

"Who is it?" she asked, with a decided frown. "The one he is dancing with so much to-night?"

"No. For that matter, he does not really know the young lady herself. He found her, and lost her again almost immediately."

"I haven't heard of any society girl dying lately."

"It isn't a society girl. Wayne will never marry a society girl. He is too much of a crank."

About what?" she asked, her countenance commencing to fall.

"A hundred things. Marrying for love, for instance. And getting a wife who fills his soul instead of his pocket. He will never marry a rich girl. He has a prejudice against them."

She laughed in an apparently careless way. As she did not answer at once the idea came into my head that her laugh was one that answered for a good many purposes in our rather one-sided conversations. In this instance, it probably did duty as a defense. If it had not been for a rich, musical voice, that had been ringing in my ears for a number of days, I do not know that I should have been quite so critical of Miss Mattimore's rather rough example of this distinguishing characteristic of humanity. But my philosophy was cut short by Molly's next remark. "His prejudice does not seem to extend to Miss Hathaway," she said.

"Is she rich?" I asked. "Wayne has not told me that."

"She is one of the richest heiresses in Philadelphia. "You see your theory does not hold out in that instance."

"Oh, as to that, Wayne is a society man and a gentleman. He enjoys himself with all, and likes the newcomers best, as a matter of course. But when he comes to marrying, it is a different matter. He has his peculiar notions and opinions that will rule him in that case."

"About girls?" she asked, brightening a little.

"Yes."

"Does he ever express them?"

"Quite often."

"They must be interesting. I should like to hear some of them," she said, laughing in a careless way. "What is his opinion about—me, for instance?"

"That you would not make a husband happy," I answered, brutally frank, perhaps.

"Did he say that?"

"Yes."

"Not if I really loved a man?"

"I made some such suggestion as that, but it did not seem to impress him greatly."

There was a hollow laugh this time, and then she seemed to sink into a brown study in which, apparently, I had little part. Having nothing else to do for the moment, I fell to admiring her voluptuous beau

COUPON FOR

"The Man of Galilee"

On Other Side.

won't pay to finish this one now. Please excuse me this time."

Mr. Dusseau simpered his regrets and left us, considerably crest-fallen, and then she turned to me. "That man is a simpleton and does not know it," she said, impatiently. "It is a mercy to open his eyes for him."

"While some of us have an advantage over him, I suppose," I suggested. "We are simpletons and do know it. Our eyes do not need to be opened."

"I would never call you a simpleton, Mr. Brown," she said, looking at me quite seriously.

"Not if I should make love to you? I suppose that is what Mr. Dusseau has been doing."

"You wouldn't be such a fool!"

I subsided for the moment. That pathway to the avowal of my love seemed to be closed to me unless I was willing to admit this impeachment upon my good sense. While I was contemplating upon a new line of attack two other gentlemen came our way as if to brave our displeasure or break up our tete-a-tete. They evidently thought that I had had my turn for the evening and should give away to others. Molly was still in one of her fits of gloom, but she quickly turned to me with a bright smile. "Eenery, ennery, ickery, Ann," she said, as if she had been stating a fact of considerable importance.

"Hobgoblin. Catch him and cook him in Uncle Tom's cabin," I answered quite as seriously, and then we both looked up and nodded coolly to the intruders.

Miss Molly laughed in a pleasant, confidential way when they were well past. "They think that we are a precious pair of lovers, I suppose," she said.

"Are we not that, Miss Mattimore?" I asked, quite ready to accept this very favorable opening. "As far as I am concerned I assure you—

"That you are either laughing at me or trying to make a fool of yourself, one of the two," she declared, breaking in upon me and looking at me sternly.

"Miss Mattimore, Molly—

"Oh come now, don't get serious. If you do I shall leave you! I thought that there was one whom I could be friendly with for a week or two without the danger of a proposal!"

"Miss Mattimore, you shall listen to me! It may be the last time that I shall see you."

She started up and commenced moving away from me. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"To find Mr. Dusseau and ask his pardon for being so mean to him. I prefer the company of those who have a little sense."

"Please sit down again, Miss Mattimore."

"Will you stop being silly?"

"I will try my best, but I am not sure that I shall succeed after your very frank estimate of my mental capacity."

She sat down again and looked at me quizzically for a moment. "I am not going to be silly, as you call it, but I wish you would tell me why you refuse to listen to me, Miss Mattimore," I said.

"Because I think too much of you to count you among those who are all the time making love to me because I happen to be rich, Mr. Brown," she answered. "And then I cannot bear to lose so heavenly a dancer. I would really like to dance with you a few more times before it is all over with. Why couldn't you be sensible for just one week longer? I like you well enough."

Circumstances make a wonderful difference in one's point of vision. When a lady is on the point of spurning you, instead of throwing her arms about you and telling you that she loves you the emotions of one's heart are apt to undergo a decided change. And thus it was that within about ten seconds I made the discovery that I did not love Miss Mattimore, and did not in the least desire to marry her.

"Miss Mattimore, you shall dance with me," I declared. "A thousand times if you say so."

"Thank you, Stanley," she said to me, sweetly, and with a glorious smiles that made the memory of her laugh hideous. "You are real good to promise to be a brother to me and not grumble about it. But remember, please, A thousand times and then you can talk of love if you really think that it is worth your while."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

The Manxman, by Hall Caine, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York city. It is written upon the same lines as The Deemster, to illustrate life upon the little Manx island, but is full of incident, and the characters are drawn with a wonderfully strong touch. Mr. Caine himself considers the story as a representation of the real life of the people among those with whom he has made his home as better than the first.

The Old Post Road, by M. G. McClelland, the author of Oblivion, Princess, and several other popular novels, is published by The Merriam Company, 67 Fifth avenue, New York city. It is a bright and entertaining story, the scene of which is laid not far from Baltimore, and the plot refers to the robbing of the mail upon the post road. It is well and strongly written.

From T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York city, comes a new and very beautiful edition of the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, the poet and story writer, whose work never grows old, but always retains its hold upon the hearts of the people. To the present complete edition Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, contributes an introduction, which gives a summary of the reasons for the popularity of Scott, and there is also a charming though brief biography of the poet's life, by Nathan Haskell Dole, both of which add to the value of the volumes.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. also publish a new edition of the Count of Monte Cristo, by Alexander Dumas. It is also in two volumes, with clear type and good illustrations. Many translations have been very faulty, and parts of the magnificent story in some of them were omitted entirely, but here they are restored, and the translation itself is spirited and delightful. It makes an excellent library edition.

Pelleas and Melisande is a prose drama in five acts by Maurice Maeterlinck, which was translated by Erving Winslow, and published by the Crowell company. This is a most powerful and impressive work, containing a meaning which must be interpreted according to the thought of the reader. The story itself is a variation of the old one of Francesca da Rimini and her lover.

One of the most notable publications of the day is Wealth Against Commonwealth by Henry Demarest Lloyd, which has been recently published by Harper and Brothers, New York city. It treats of the trusts and monopolies which form so large a feature of American life without fear or favor, but openly and courageously. Facts are presented dramatically it is true, but yet facts in regard to combinations affecting many of the necessaries of life. It shows clearly the realities of modern business and the methods used. The direct bearing of the book upon the most important social and economical questions now under discussion everywhere is obvious. It contributes to the debate an immense stock of pertinent facts.

The Boy Travelers in the Levant, by Thomas W. Knox, is published by Harper and Brothers, New York city. It is a handsome volume, belonging to the Boy Traveler Series, which is printed in clear type and well illustrated. The journey leads through Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Greece and Turkey, with visits to the Islands of Rhodes and Cyprus and the site of ancient Troy.

Un-American Immigration, by Rena Michaels Atchison, is published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago. It is a presentation of the perils of our lax immigration laws made from facts within the author's knowledge. Every phase of this important question is dealt with exhaustively. The problem is stated clearly so as to be seen by the reader at once in a light commensurate with its importance.

Up and Down the Nile belongs to the All-Over-the-World Series which is published by Lee and Shepard, Boston. In the volume Oliver Optic describes the adventures of a party of young people in Egypt, and a most fascinating story he has made of the wonders of this old, old country. The ancient remains of pyramids, rock-tombs and ruins of temples come in for attention while present day conditions are not neglected.

The Light of Asia or the Great Renunciation is published in pretty form by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. The poem is illustrated and is of a pleasant size for handling.

The Victory of Our Faith, by Anna Robertson Brown the author of What Is Worth While, is published in a pretty little volume by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. In these pages is an inspiration to look above and beyond the sorrows and pains that inevitably come into every life. The binding is worthy of the matter, violets upon a pure white ground.

Lourdes, by Emile Zola, is published by F. T. Neely, Chicago. The name tells where the scene of the novel is located. The object of the author is to show the strength of a superstition which takes so many thousands of people there yearly to seek a cure.

The Untempered Wind, by Joanna E. Wood, is a novel published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, 65 Fifth avenue, New York City. It is a most pathetic story of the expiation of a young girl for her sin—a sin which was more another's than her own, but for which she had to suffer alone. The story is well told and shows the injustice of the world's judgment and its cruelty.

Richard Dare's Venture, or Striking Out for Himself, by Edward Stratemeyer, is the first number in Bound to Succeed series, published by the Merriam company, of New York. It is a very well told story of the adventures of a country boy who had gone to a city in order to get on in the world.

In the Handy Volume edition of favorite works, T. Z. Crowell & Co., also publish Tartarin on the Alps, from the French of Alphonse Daudet This is a masterpiece of humor from first to last. The mixture of the realistic, which makes the story one of the best guide books to the Alps, with the absurd, is one of its greatest charms. The mistranslations which charms.

The Little Manx Nation, by Hall Caine, is published by the United States Book Company, New York City The interest excited by his novels of Manx life, The Bondman, The Deemster, and others, has prompted Mr. Caine to write a brief volume on the people of the island of Man, whose history and traditions are so little known to the world at large.

Venice is the latest addition to the Story of the Nations series published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City. Alethea Wiel an authority upon Italian, and especially Venetian history, is the author The book is carefully prepared and the story of the strange city is carried from its origin to 1866. Besides the work on the text the publishers have gone to considerable expense in securing scores of illustrations of many of the most notable buildings and art works of the strange city. The book is handsomely printed and is bound in style similar to that of the series to which it belongs.

SHE WEARS SHORT SKIRTS.

Miss McCormick, of California, Sets an Example in Dress Reform.

Woman's struggle for hygienic and unartistic dress reform, which trespasses well over the border lines of masculine attire is a hard one, and very slow of results. But she can take courage from the fact that here

MISS M'CORMICK'S SHORT SKIRTS.

and there an earnest advocate of her cause crops up who is courageous enough to walk the streets in short skirts and leggings, ride horseback in a bloomer costume, and never mind the gibes which are thrown at her from the passers-by.

Miss McCormick, a successful young artist of Pacific Grove, Cal., is a recent example of this kind of fortitude. The short skirt is a matter of convenience to her, and she has adopted it for all outdoor occasions. For fear of shocking the villagers by her sudden change in dress, she began by making her skirts just below her shoe tops, and shortening them a half inch every day until now they barely reach the knee. Her costumes are made by a San Francisco tailor, and are said to be very chic and becoming. One is of gray corduroy with skirt to the knees, and corduroy leggings fastened all the way up with leather straps and buckles.

The coat is made long, and worn over a waistcoat of the same, double-breasted. A dainty shirt and an Ascot tie give it the finishing touch. A more dressy suit is of white corduroy. For long tramps, when she is on sketching tours, she has a suit of English serge, with russet leggings, and a leather belt. Miss McCormick is at present engaged in painting horses in the corral just outside the hotel grounds of Del Monte.

A Savage Covey.

Sheriff Jackson, of Lewis county, owns thirteen head of bloodhounds.—Kansas City Times.

There Is Merit

In Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was in bad condition with **Sour Stomach, Heart**

John R. Lochary, Roxbury, Ohio.

Palpitation, Hot Flashes. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am as well as ever. I give Hood's Sarsaparilla **all the credit.** I took no other medicine. JOHN R. LOCHARY, Roxbury, Ohio. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla **Cures**

Hood's Pills are taking the lead, 25c.

SHE NEVER FORGETS ANYTHING

BABY GERTIE COCHRAN AND HER WONDERFUL MEMORY.

Only One Hearing is Enough—Has Henry Clay's Ability to Recall Names and General Information.

If little Gertie Cochran, the wonderful four-year-old, who is now giving exhibitions in Chicago, ever runs for Congress—and such things may be common enough by the time she reaches maturity—she will have a distinct advantage over rival candidates. Not only can she remember huge numbers away up in the millions and queer names with hosts of syllables, but she never forgets the right name to fit a face of any one she has met. This is frequently half the battle, as every politician will tell you. This fact, by the way, would seem to dispose of the learned observation of a morning contemporary that little Gertie's memory is due solely to the association of sound impressions on the tympanum and the resultant excitation of the cerebellum. Gertie began talking when she was seven months old. When she was a year old her mother noticed that she repeated constantly words and sentences that were said in her hearing, and could remember for days and weeks and months the things that she had heard.

As she grew older and her speech became plainer her memory also gained. The mother saw in this unusual gift a way to add to the scanty income of the family, and last year she took her to the county fair in the neighborhood of her residence, at Mount Vernon, Ill., and also to the towns in the vicinity, and had her stand among a crowd of people and answer questions. Then the mother would take up a collection from

GERTIE COCHRAN, THE CHILD PHENOMENON.

the people who listened to the big answers piped so readily from the little lips.

One day a theatrical manager heard her and made a contract with her parents by which Gertie was to travel and give exhibitions. One evening in San Francisco one of the audience suggested that the child might have been trained to give certain answers in certain order, to which her manager replied: "Call the child and ask her any question that you can remember of those that ask her every evening. Don't mind the order. Ask her for statistics of the World's Fair or population of cities or the names of the capitals of states." So the inquisitive man asked her the population of Chicago and the capital of Alabama and the name of the mayor of San Francisco, in quick succession, and she answered promptly.

"What was the total cost of the Midwinter Fair?"

"I don't know," she answered, with a look of wonder.

"The World's Fair, I mean."

"Oh," and the child said the amount instantly.

Her manager says that he repeats to the child only once the answers to the questions that he asks, and she never fails to remember exactly what he has told her. When he arrives in a city he prepares a lot of questions of local interest, which he reads to her in the afternoon and she repeats them in the evening. She readily changes an answer to a question when the revised answer is told her and never makes the mistake of giving the answer she first was told. The every-day facts of life remain as steadfast in her memory as the statistics and the names that she repeats when before an audience. She has been on the stage for nearly a year, and can tell every theater in which she has appeared and the name of every man and woman she met at each one of the theaters. She is an intelligent and merry child, and though slender and apparently pallid when in the blaze of the footlights, she is healthy and good natured. Her manager says she has never been cross or fretful at the time for her to appear on the stage, and she appears to take an interest in her performance, though both questions and answers are utterly without meaning to her.

There is reason to believe that the child's remarkable memory may be due in part at least, to prenatal influence. After her marriage Mrs. Cochran committed to memory 500 verses from the Bible. She was engaged in learning these texts during the few months immediately prior to the birth of Gertie.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

Ill Temper Very Bad for Health and Good Looks.

When people are looking out for appliances to create and preserve the beauty they miss a great factor in the business they have on hand by not looking within and learning that our emotions are, after all, either our best beautifiers or exactly the reverse.

There are no lives without trouble. Man is born to it, we have been told. But the trouble can be made twice what it is by constant worrying and brooding over it. In every nature, too, are depths into whose pool many of these troubles can be dropped. Not the great griefs, which are often as if sent divinely, so fine is the work they do upon us, so strong is the hand they offer us to climb on skyward, but the multitude of vexations, mortifications, hindrances, ungratified wishes, disappointments, slights, hurts, angers and all the hoard of wrongs, little or great, that belong to life even under happy conditions. A wise person drops these troubles into the depths, and lets them stay there. An unwise person is perpetually reaching down and bringing them up and clouding all the waters of existence while doing so. And the statement hardly involves a metaphor, for who does not remember the actual physical disturbance from brooding over a wrong, cherishing a grudge or indulging in a burst of anger—the burning at the heart and in the head, the trembling of the nerves, the loss of appetite and sleep? In fact, this brooding arouses a nervous action which the old domestic nurse tells you stirs the bile, and the natural result of it is that the whole countenance will often look, after such experience, sallow and yellow and bilious; there will be no lustre in the eye; the circulation has been interfered with; there will be an unpleasant beetiflush on the cheek, and even red and angry patches on the forehead and throat, while it is well known that chemical researches have found that the perspiration in anger is of a virulently poisonous quality.

THESE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
When the office-seeking Democrats
Begin to quake with fear;
When the man who didn't register
Will have a sleepless night to cheer,
And the dude without an overcoat
Begins to feel quite drear;
When paterfamilias look sad
As holidays draw near;
When summer girls who long held sway
Begin to disappear;
When Tom and Jerry come to town,
And bums desert the beer.
—Chicago Journal.

On the Eave of the Lake.

"Not so near the edge, Hortense. See, you might take a header."

"Well, you would fish me out."

"Ah, yes; but perhaps I should regret it later."—Petit Journal pour Rire.

A Good Fit.

"Does your new dress fit you well, Clara?"

"Oh, splendidly! I can hardly move or breathe in it."—Tit-Bits.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Official Records of the War.

G. J. R., Burrton, Kan., writes: "I understand that there is a history of the civil war, published at the expense of the United States, for free distribution. To whom is it proper to apply for the same?"

You refer to the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," authorized by act of Congress. It includes all reports, letters, telegrams, and general orders, as well as all official documents relating to the war that are of any historical value. The first volume was issued in 1880, and the last volume issued so far is volume 45 of series 1. The laws under which they are distributed is as follows: 1,000 copies to the executive department; 1,000 to the Secretary of War for distribution among army officers; 3,300 to libraries, etc., throughout the country; each Senator to have 26, and each Representative 21 copies for distribution; the remainder of the 11,000 printed to be sold by the Secretary of War at cost, plus 10 per cent. It is therefore impossible to get a set, unless you can buy of the Secretary of War, or of some one who has them. It will take a number of years to complete the work. The first series is not yet finished, and there are three others to come.

Our Ambassadors.

H. B. P., Geneseo, Kan., writes: "Andrews's Manual of the Constitution of the United States says, page 562: 'The federal government has never sent an ambassador to any foreign power, and it is said, has never received a foreign representative who was strictly such.' Yet we see Mr. Bayard mentioned as an ambassador to the Court of St. James. When was an act so to appoint ambassadors passed, and has an ambassador absolute power?"

Andrews's Manual was written away back in 1874. The statement quoted was true then, and up to a year ago, when the present Congress passed an act raising our representatives to Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy to the rank of "ambassadors extraordinary and plenipotentiary." An ambassador has only whatever powers may be conferred by his own government. The title "plenipotentiary" is largely a complimentary term, meaning nothing but that he may be clothed with full powers by his own government if an exigency requiring this should arise.

Price of Cotton.

W. F. McC., Bear Creek, Tex.: Since our reply to you two weeks ago, we have found the prices of cotton in New York City from 1837 to 1850, inclusive. The figures are official:

	Highest.	Lowest.
1837	17	7
1838	12	9
1839	16	11
1840	10	8
1841	11	9
1842	9	7
1843	8	5
1844	9	5
1845	8⅝	5
1846	10	6
1847	12	7
1848	8	5
1849	11	6
1850	14	11

Utah Not Yet a State.

E. M., Reynoldsville, N. Y., asks: "Has Utah become a state? If so, please state when."

No, Utah is not yet a state. The bill (H. R. 352) to enable the people of Utah to form a constitution and state government was passed by Congress at the recent session and approved by the President. When this is all done, and Utah sends her Senators and Representatives to Congress, she will be a full-fledged state. The companion bill (H. R. 353) for the admission of New Mexico as a state, was passed by the House, and reported with amendments to the Senate by the Territorial committee of that body; it is expected to become a law this coming winter. A bill (H. R. 393) for the admission of Arizona, is now awaiting the Senate's action; it may go through at the winter session, and it may not. The only other fully organized territory is Oklahoma. Alaska is a political nondescript.

Electrical Engineering.

H. S. M., Columbia City, Ind., writes: "Which is likely to take the lead in the future, electrical engineering or steam engineering? Please give a brief account of electrical engineering, and state if it would be an advantage for one to take a four years' course."

Electricity will doubtless supplant steam largely in the future, but probably not for a generation or so. Electrical engineering is the field for a young man of ability and education, and he should have at least a four years' course in some institution of the highest grade.

The Kingdom of Greece.

H. W. A., Millwood, Ore. asks: "Is Greece a republic; if so, when was that form of government established?"

Greece is a kingdom. Its king is George I., a son of the King of Denmark and brother of the Princess of Wales. He was born in 1845. The former king, Otho, was a son of the King of Bavaria, and was chosen King of Greece in 1822. A revolution deposed him in 1862. The national assembly then chose the present king, who began his reign October 31, 1863.

Report on the World's Fair.

Reader, Chillicothe, O.: The Blade's Associated Press dispatches from Washington about a year ago contained the information that the United States government commission was preparing its report on the World's Fair. When it is completed (we do not know whether it is or not as yet), it will be submitted to Congress, and it is in the discretion of that body to order it printed. From the reply of your Congressman, we should understand that it has not yet been presented to Congress. Probably it may be at he coming session.

Education by Correspondence.

C. E. L., Americus, Ind., asks: "Are there any educational institutions, of note, in the United States, conducted on the correspondence plan?"

We presume there are some, but they are private ventures, and not recognized as regular educational institutions. Instruction by correspondence might be an aid to a determined student of some special branch, but it is valueless as a means of general education.

Postal Clerks Again.

E. S., Chicago, O.: Write a letter addressed to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., stating that you desire to take an examination for a postal clerkship, and ask for times and places of examination. He will send you that information, as well as the scope of the examination.

The Turkish Sultan.

U. F. McCook, Neb.: The present Sultan of Turkey is Abdul Hamid II., born September 22, 1842, ascended the throne August 31, 1876. He is the second son of Sultan Abdul Medjid, and succeeded his elder brother, Mohammed Murad, who reigned only three months.

Land Prices.

"Subscriber," Eldred, N. Y., wants to know what land can be bought for in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. Will some reader in those States please answer—remembering, however, that we can not give addresses in this column?

The Wakarusa War.

J. H. S., Walton, Kan., asks: "Who was the committee appointed by Congress to investigate the Wakarusa war in Kansas?" We should be glad to have some one who is familiar with the circumstances send us the names.

Miscellaneous.

A. M., Centerfield, Ill.: We have not the data to answer.

H. M. S., Monterey, Va.: There is but one medical college in Ohio for ladies alone. It is located in Cincinnati.

C. C. M., Zanesville, O.: In the sentence, "Well, who said you did?" the word "well" is used interjectively. It is quite correct usage.

V. A. C. Circleville, O.: The work is out of our line. The only way we know to get it published is to get some religious book publisher to undertake it.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excess will inclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Will also furnish remedies if desired. Address, Mr. Thomas Barnes, Box 854, Marshall, Mich.

Corn 255 Bushels to the Acre.

The largest crop of corn ever produced on one acre, according to the Charleston News and Courier, was that raised by a farmer in Marlboro county, South Carolina, in 1892. A prize of $1,000 was offered for the largest yield on an acre, and this farmer chose a piece of worn-out piney woods, sandy land, to which he applied more than a thousand dollars' worth of fertilizers. The season was favorable and the cultivator was kept going almost constantly. The stand became so thick and heavily burdened with ears that fences had to be built to sustain it. When the crop was gathered it measured within a peck of 255 bushels, and carried off the prize, which the farmer richly deserved, for it takes a valiant man to spend more than a thousand dollars to enrich a single acre.

ADONISES OF THE SHOPS

FAIR FASHION SMILED UPON THEIR MILLINERY.

Marked Them for Her Own—How They Live, How They Love, How They Travel, How They Talk.

I am writing of the Adonises of shopland—the floor walker, the buyer and the salesman—and I wish to say that they are not misunderstood. Perhaps you didn't think they were—perhaps you weren't such a fool—well, I did—and I was. I thought they were misjudged. It's so sweeping to judge people by their work. But most people do it. They say if a man's a bartender, he must be a tough; if a woman's a clerk in the Religious Tract society, she must be sanctimonious, and if a girl's a typewriter—well, they'd rather not say anything—which is so charitable of them.

Everybody has a public—even if he's only a waiter—and this public is divided into two parts. The biggest part thinks of him as a creature with a desire for whiskers and mustache—and tips—a kind of mental, human menu, who gets quite as much as he deserves—and more. The other part thinks of him as a creature with yearnings for other sights and spheres, who hates the smell of cooking and the sight of toothpicks.

I belong to the class which credits

"WALK THIS WAY, MADAME."

people with yearnings, though I must say that I have never thought much about waiters, except to think that they stand too near sometimes when I am talking confidentially to my vis-a-vis, and to wish they wouldn't put their thumbs in my soup, or help me into my coat, so that I have to jump into the armholes.

But I have thought deeply of shopmen and floor-walkers. I have refrained from calling them counter-jumpers. I have quarreled with my dear friend who called them tailors' dummies. I have scouted the idea of their wearing corsets, and said that probably they grew like that—you know, with that dent at the waist. I have even said that they must have minds and aspirations.

There was a time when, if one of those suave, stolid, champagne-shouldered autocrats of the dry goods stores had come up to me, and instead of uttering the conventional, "This way, madam," had said: "Oh, I'm so tired of it all; tell me, do what's happening in the great world outside all this frippery," I shouldn't have been surprised. But I should now. I know them. Why, it stands to reason that a man wouldn't go on for years saying, "This way, madam," if he could say anything better.

I suppose there are exceptions—yes, I know there are—but they are as rare as the one sinner that repenteth.

Even in his choice of a girl to whom he pays his double attentions—at restaurant, theater and church parade—the choice of the shopman is guided by millinery motives. He picks out some one who makes a good show. To do him justice, he's quite honest about this—and the girl equally so. And so he gets himself up in a frock coat, so well padded that when he takes it off he takes off his shoulders. And she puts on her latest gown, and all her rings, and hangs her mantle over the back of the restaurant chair so that the label inside shows. They don't talk much, but people stare at them, and they're satisfied.

One man placed among a crowd of women is always just as much a hero to them as a man isn't to his own valet. And the floor-walker is the

AT THE FEET OF HIS IDOL.

moon among the stars—from 8 till 6. I have seen half a dozen young women openly quarrel over the attentions of person who looked as though he had walked—or rather strutted—out of a tailor's price-list.

I have seen a saleswoman in a swell shop, during that interval called "the slack season," lay aside a thrilling novel by the Duchess—they always read the Duchess—to listen to the puerile and mindless remarks of a creature who had never found his own thoughts expressed by Shakespeare, played foot ball, longed to go to war or do anything in politics—or in short, anything that real muscular men do.

But the floor-walker only gets his adoration from 8 till 6. Not after. Then comes the desire of the moth for the star. The shop-girl wants something better than the floor-walker or even the buyer, in her recreation time. She sometimes gets it, too. Stock brokers, actors, even those demigods, strong men and pugilists.

Floor-walkers, I find, are generally married, and have wives that would do credit to any help bureau. Excellent wives, but with limitations. The kind that are made unhappy by the sight of a cobweb, and beast that you could eat your dinner off her floors, as though anyone would ever want to eat their dinner off a floor.

But just as Eve was made for Adam—and suited his requirements exactly, except when she talked to undesirable acquaintances like the serpent—so the wife of the floor-walker suits his requirements down to the ground. Because, you see, he has his limitations.

I have found elevator boys instructive, and hall boys are really very good company and can tell you a lot about prize fighting and dime museums. Messenger boys are all right when you don't want a message sent. I merely want to talk to them while some one else waits for their messages. And plumbers, though I have no reason to love them (the water runs very erratically since the last one was here), are fairly well informed. Glaziers and mechanics are full of anecdote—certainly some of the anecdotes are broad, but they show a vein of humor. Even porters are full of rough philosophy, though they perspire too much to make good fellowship pleasant.

But shopmen live in a smaller world than all these.

A shopgirl once introduced me to two shopmen. I beg their pardons,

TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO A RESTAURANT.

brilliancy of a buyer and the head of a department, on the topic they appeared to have given their lives to for nothing.

Which goes to prove that shopmen have limitations.

A buyer is a great swell in his own sphere. A floor-walker thinks he could buy better than a buyer, but there's nothing strange in that. I have often thought that I could edit better than an editor and I know a little boy at a public school who says he could manage the examinations far better than that old chump of a head master.

The buyer goes to Paris every year to buy models. This is what gives him his prestige. The rest of the establishment seem to regard it like going to heaven every year, only better, because there are no purgatorial hells in heaven, and wings are but a poor substitute, and will give the monopoly to the feather trade. Besides, when you go to heaven, you go for good, and when you go to Paris, you come back and say how wicked you were there.

Although a buyer goes every year, he rarely learns French. He does all his talking through an interpreter, and always lives at an English hotel. This shows still more limitations. But I don't want to be hard on them. They often hand the collection plate at church. Who so fit to as a floor walker? And most of them belong to burial clubs.—J. M. W., in the New York Recorder.

Nothing Strange.

Intelligent people, who realize the important part the blood holds in keeping the body in a normal condition, find nothing strange in the number of diseases Hood's Sarsaparilla is able to cure. So many troubles result from impure blood, the best way to treat them is through the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla vitalizes the blood.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

BRILLIANTS.

From Oliver Wendell Holmes

And when my name no more is heard,
My lyre no more is known,
Still let me, like a winter's bird,
In silence and alone
Fold over there the weary wing
Once flashing through the dews of spring.
—The Last Reader.

Lead meekly, gently, with the hopes that guide
The lowliest brother straying from thy side;
If right, they bid thee tremble for thine own,
If wrong, the verdict is for God alone.
—A Rhymed Lesson.

Take them, O Father! in immortal trust!
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Till the last angel roll the stone away.
And a new morning bring immortal day.
—Dedication of Pittsfield Cemetery.

O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If sinning breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!
—The Voiceless.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.
—The Chambered Nautilus.

Though from the hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew—
While valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate
To sit beside the throne.
—The Two Armies.

The rest that earth denies is thine,—
Ah, is it rest, we ask,
Or, traced by knowledge more divine,
Some larger, nobler task?
Enough: there is a world of love;
No more we ask to know;
The hand will guide thy way above
That shaped thy task below!
—A Memorial Tribute.

A Tender Correspondence.

May to Tom:

"Dear Tom—Come to-morrow evening sure. Papa is at home, but is laid up with a very sore foot. See? May."

Tom to May:

"Dear May—I can't come to-morrow night. I am laid up on account of your father's very sore foot. See? Tom."—Truth.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sow Weak in Back.

F. N. W., Indiana: Weakness in the backs of hogs is not an uncommon thing. It frequently occurs from overfeeding. It may also result from rheumatism. As you suspicion kidney worms, it may be well here to remark that the lard, or kidney worm, stephanurus dentatus, does but little harm. The kidney is known to have been affected by a worm called the eusrongylus gigas. It is not really found in the substance of the kidney but in the pelvis or hollow curved portion in which the secretion of urine takes place. Hydatids or bladder worms at times inhabit the kidneys, and are the most dangerous of any. In any case it is a difficult thing to overcome break down in hogs. The best thing you can do will be to get the sow in good condition for the market as soon as possible. In case of worms in the kidneys the best known remedy, so far as the editor knows, is a dose of 1 oz. Epsom salts in soft feed, or slops. Follow this with a teaspoonful of turpentine in soft feed twice a day for about three days, and rub well in on the small of the back a tablespoonful of turpentine once day for four or five days.

Feeding Wheat.

R. L., Minnesota: Tests made at the experiment stations show that there is much less in feeding whole wheat, as a large proportion passes through the hog without being properly digested. A great many farmers are now boiling their wheat before feeding to hogs. Speaking of boiling or steaming food Mr. J. V. Mapes some time ago said: "Instead of whole grain it is much better to grind and cook it either by boiling or steaming. In winter boiling is much better than steaming, for the reason that it takes considerably less fuel to boil a small quantity than to steam it, and farther, that you can boil nearly what is wanted for a feed at a time and give it moderately warm, which renders it very grateful to the animal in extreme cold weather. I am wintering 13 hogs weighing from 140 to 500 pounds by feeding the lot on 12 quarts of oatmeal boiled thoroughly with cut hay or corn stalks and diluted to 13 pailfuls for a mess three times a day, which makes a very firm porridge, adding about a pint of salt to each mess making for the whole 36 quarts of ground oats per day. If the same hogs were kept on whole corn or any other grain, it would probably cost five times as much, and they would be in no better condition, while they would be much more liable to disease." The editor is of opinion that a small proportion of corn mixed with wheat is beneficial, ground together and boiled, and following the advice of Mr. Mapes. There is some complaint that hogs fed entirely on wheat do not present as nice an appearance when marketed as when there is a proportion of corn in the feed. It is claimed by a leading butcher of this city that corn makes the hog firmer and of better appearance. Wheat, it is claimed, gives more lean meat than does corn, which is fat-producing. It seems evident to the editor that the feeding of wheat is a great step in the progress of feeding animals. New methods lead to results that teach economy. The question will arise in the minds of agriculturists and stock raisers, "If wheat is a good thing will not further investigation and experiment prove greatly beneficial?" The beaten track that has been followed so long will not answer the progressive farmer. He will test various mixtures of grains, vegetables and grasses until perfection is reached in the ration for hogs. That mixed ration is better than plain corn or wheat there can be but little doubt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Reason Hogs Eat Chickens.

Editor Blade Farmstead: In answer to Mrs. C. B. J., of Kansas, the reason hogs eat chickens or meat of any kind, is because they want salt. Hogs that have plenty of salt or ashes to run to at will, will not acquire the habit, but it is pretty hard to break them of the habit entirely when once learned. But as hogs that is fed plenty of salt or has ashes to run to at will, will not eat meat. I know this to be true from experience.—L. I. W., Kas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Our Feathered Friends.

Farmers sometimes belittle the products of the poultry yard. The women folks have the care of the chickens, and the farmer, like the average man in general, is too apt to underrate the importance and money value of what is accomplished by the gentler sex. Sometimes it is useful for part of the coarser grain to remind ourselves that power is often quiet in its operations. Even the Corliss engine was not a noisy machine. Another common-place truth is liable to be lost sight of in the big things that massculine parts of the family undertake, namely, that "many a little makes a mickle."

Suppose the census should show that the poultry yard is more profitable than the wheat field? Let us make a comparison. In 1889 there were produced in this country $17,000,000 dozens of eggs, and it is quite probable that this does not give more than two-thirds of the entire product, because, in a vast number of cases, the quantity of eggs collected by a person would be too small to be included in the report of product of his farm or place. But at the number given in the census the egg product of the country is worth $100,000,000, at a very moderate estimate.

If to this we add the value of the poultry sold in the country, which is placed at $200,000,000, we get the large aggregate of $400,000,000 as the annual product of the poultry yards of the United States.

The department of agriculture reports the wheat crop of the country for 1892 at 515,949,000 bushels, valued at $322,111,881, from which it appears that the poultry product of the country is of greater value than the wheat product by nearly twenty per cent. If the actual figures of the poultry statistics could be obtained it is more than likely that they would exceed by thirty-five per cent the value of the wheat crop in this country.

Farmers do not dream of the apparently small things of the poultry yard. —Western Rural.

To Secure Early Laying.

Hatch early, and do not move pullets about in various runs when they are maturing. Do not depend on old hens, but on March pullets. Keep in warm quarters, fed on meat and plenty of green food, occasional treats of bread soaked in ale and given hot at daybreak, will hasten the filling of the winter egg-basket. There are many mixtures and condiments advertised which have the effect of stimulating the hen's laying powers, if desired, but few should be used as many are prejudicial. If the above diet is kept to, the birds must lay; if they do not, either suspect and look out for rats, or egg-eating hens in the flock, or a need for pailfuls to the laying pens.

Every establishment where 100 head of poultry are kept should have its hock-up food store room, and if a stove can be put up its help is invaluable. House scraps can be regularly brought out to the food-house hot from the kitchen by 8 a. m., and with boiling (not cold) water let meals of all sorts in turn be mixed with the scraps till it forms a crumbling mass.—Farmers' Voice.

Peddling Butter From Wagons.

In parts of the city of Brooklyn, a new industry has appeared—that of peddling butter as milk is sold from wagons. The butter is sold in pound prints and is said to be brought direct from the dairy. It is said for less than the price at the corner grocery, and is delivered right at the door like milk. There is no reason why this system should not spread. To any one with a clean tongue, it is evident that butter should come as cheaply from the dairy to the table as possible. The average grocery store, with salt fish, kerosene, tobacco and other "strong" substances, is no place for clean butter. Direct to

Talmage's Sermon.

PANGS OF EARTH ALL FORGOTTEN THERE.

The Day of Rest and Release Draws Near—"Victory Over Pain" by Dr. Talmage.

Brooklyn, Nov. 5.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has just completed his globe-circling tour, selected as the subject of yesterday's sermon through the press: "Victory Over Pain," the text chosen being Revelation xxi. 4, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any city is, "What is the health of the place? is it shaken of terrible disorders? what are the bills of mortality? what is the death rate? how high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking, what are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text answers it by saying, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it, beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments. Perhaps you expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn and your brain was racked and your heart fainted, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle—this year losing what you gained last, financial uncertainties pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But, come with me, and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace, entering the other city you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of the hill of joy, there will be other heights rising upon the vision. This song of transport will but lift you to higher anthems; the sweetest choral but a prelude to more tremendous harmony; all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain of weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork, and some from dullness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn? These shuttles to fly? these axes to hew? these shovels to delve? these pens to fly? these books to be posted? these goods to be sold?

Ah! the great holiday approaches. No more curse of taskmasters. No more stooping until the back aches. No more calculation until the brain is bewildered. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond-cut-diamond, for the gems are all set. No more goldbeating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor; to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your flour barrel empty, and nothing to buy bread with for your children; to live in an unhealthy row, and no means to change your habitation; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease, and not be able to secure eminent medical ability; to have son or daughter begin the world, and you not have anything to help them in starting; with a mind capable of research and high contemplation, to be perpetually fixed on questions of mere livelihood.

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot; but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his diseases, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages—no almshouses, for they are all prisons; no rents to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garmentsto buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshipers. No hovels, no hard crusts, no insufficient apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." No more pain!

Further, here will be no pain of parting. All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together, and talk and laugh and weep together; but we must, after awhile, separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation; but God knows that it is the last time. Messengers from eternity, on their errand to take us away, know it is the last time; and in heaven, where they make ready for our departing spirits, they know it is the last time.

* * * * * * *

On steamboat wharf and at rail car window we may smile when we say farewell; but these good-bys of the deathbed, they just take hold of the heart with iron pincers, and tear it out by the roots until all the fibers quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine presses, into which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windlass round and round until we are utterly crushed, and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

I set open the door of heaven until there blows on you this refreshing breeze. The fountains of God have made it cool, and the gardens have made it sweet. I do not know that Solomon ever heard on a hot day, the ice click in an ice-pitcher, but he wrote as if he did when he said, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Climbing among the Green Mountains I was tired and hot and thirsty, and I shall not forget how refreshing it was when, after awhile, I heard the mountain brook tumbling over the rocks. I had no cup, no chalice, so I got down on my knees and face to drink. Oh, ye climbers on the journey, with cut feet and parched tongues and fevered temples, listen to the rumbling of sapphire brooks, amid flowered banks, over golden shelvings. Listen! "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water." I do not offer it to you in a chalice. To take this you must bend. Get down on your knees and on your face, and drink out of this great fountain of God's consolation. "And lo! I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters."

"SWEET ALICE, BEN BOLT."

A Chat With the Author of a Famous Old Song.

Has George Du Maurier made Congressman Thomas Dunn English, of Newark, N. J., famous, or has the Congressman lifted the English novelist and caricaturist to a higher pinnacle of fame?

This seems to be the burning literary problem of the day. In Du Maurier's last novel "Trilby," which is having such a sale, the song "Ben Bolt" is echoed and re-echoed throughout. It has even been claimed that fair Alice of the song furnished the theme of the story.

However this may be, it is certain that the work of the Newarker, first published half a century ago, is once more on everybody's tongue, and if Du Maurier, as is stated, was not aware of the author of "Ben Bolt" when he penned "Trilby," he has learned who he is by this time. Dr. English, for he practiced medicine early in life, receives the sudden onslaught of fame very modestly and good-naturedly. He has devoted himself to proclaiming free trade as a Democratic Representative in Congress of late, and it may be a pleasant diversion from politics to literature, no matter how abrupt the change. At any rate, he talked in an interesting and entertaining manner to a local interviewer the other day, who called at his home.

He is an old man. You see that at a glance. His clothes hang loosely and carelessly on a frame that shows the wear and tear of a busy life. There are many, very many lines on his face; lines that thought and study and care have had more to do with the ageing than his 75 years. He was born June 29, 1819, in Philadelphia. He has a trick of looking straight at you, but you do not "catch his eye." This is because his sight is bad. Without his glasses he hardly sees at all. But his voice is strong and musical and winning, and when he talks you like to listen to him.

There was a copy of his poems among the litter on the table.

"This," he said, opening the volume, "has been published by subscription. As you will see, it is edited by my daughter, Alice. It contains 'Ben Bolt' as it was originally written in 1843, and was published for the first time in the New York Mirror. In its travels it has met with some hard knocks, like its father, and there have been many mutilations of its lines.

"I have seen the use made of 'Ben Bolt' in Du Maurier's novel, 'Trilby,'" went on the doctor, "and it is by no means to my liking. But, after all, what does it matter?"

He laughed and went on: "All this controversy about the author of 'Ben Bolt' and the British assumption that he must have been a British nobleman is amusing to me. Now, let me read you this."

The Doctor took up a copy of "Trilby." "Its harmonies in the playing of Svengali," he read, "were all magnified into a strange, almost holy, poetic dignity and splendor quite undreamed of by whoever wrote the words and music of that unsophisticated little song, which has touched so many simple British hearts that don't know any better—and among them one, that of the present scribe! long, long ago."

The doctor laid down the book. "Now," he said, "had any one read 'Ben Bolt' carefully and intelligently they would have seen that it was written by an American."

"Why?"

"I will tell you. There are certain words in the poem that would have only been written by an American. The word 'slab,' which occurs in the first stanza, is an Americanism. It is not used in England. Then, again, 'hickory tree' is used. There are no hickory trees in England, known by that name. What the Englishman speaks of a tree he calls it an oak."

Then the doctor grew reminiscent.

"When I first floated into Congress on the Democratic tidal wave," he said, "some of the newspapers, speaking of the newly elected member, fell back on my literary record, and dragged 'Ben Bolt' from its lurking place. The result of this was a sort of 'Ben Bolt' revival through the country, but a source of great annoyance to me.

"I was assured by one member of the House that his wife had won him years ago by the pathetic and pathetic manner in which she had sung 'Ben Bolt' to me. Another told me that, like Dr. Coan in the Sandwich Islands, his mother had sung him to sleep with 'Ben Bolt,' and to cap the climax, I was introduced to a lady who had been christened 'Alice Ben Bolt.'"

"Who was the lady doctor?"

"She was the daughter of Gen. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame."

"Whenever I got into a mood of indignation at some legislation adverse to my views," he went on in his musical way, "and expressed my indignation in strong and perhaps emphatic terms, some of the members would clap me on the back and say:

"'Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?

"This would put me in a rage. 'Confound it!' I have often said, 'I begin to wish that either Ben Bolt or I had never been born.'"

And then the genial poet, journalist, physician, and statesman saw his visitor to the door with true old-fashioned politeness.

Most Remarkable

In its effects, and most useful in its application the fragrant SOZODONT has become the most popular Dentifrice in existence. 'Tis used and praised by everybody.

Squirrel Entertainment.

One of the amusements which the guests at the Breezy Hill House, Lisbon, N. H., indulge in is playing with and feeding several chipmunks or squirrels. There are two which have their abiding places in a big wood pile and under the piazza of the hotel. They will come out from their hiding places and take nuts from the hands of young and old. Sometimes the guests put nuts upon their shoulders, and the little fellows will run up the arm, fill their chops with them, deposit them in their holes and come back for more. They will pull away with all their might at good-sized nuts which have been placed in the buttonholes of a coat, and will not give up until they have secured the prize. The children lie down upon the grass with some nuts in their hands, and the little fellows will run all over them. They will reach up to one's fingers and hold on until they are drawn up and have found their nuts. They seldom stop to eat, preferring to cram their little cheeks full of the uncracked nuts for winter use. They present a comical appearance as they scamper off to their holes. No effort has been made to tame these beautiful creatures, but they certainly show that they can be tamed for the amusement of young and old.—Boston Transcript.

Our Doctors.

Doctor (meeting friend with pretty young wife)—You look well, but you have the appearance of a man who has some grave malady hidden.

"What should I do?"

"Well, well, I must come around to call on you."—La Caricature.

The Elephant's Coming!

D'you hear that rumbling, ripping sound?
The Elephant's coming—see that hump!—
At every step he shakes the ground;
The free-trade crowd are on the jump.
—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Hunting Season.

These autumn days, o'er mount and mere,
Men hunt the quail, the duck, the deer.
Hark, guns resound apace!
But oh, the finest sport of all
Is New York's tiger hunt this fall—
Come, join the merry chase!
—New York Herald.

A Famous Head.

"Our right tackle at college was famous for his head work on the field."

"Indeed."

"Yes, I believe he could have gone against a stone wall if it had been necessary."—Detroit Tribune.

Did He Do It?

Mother (stern'y)—Kitty, didn't Charley Lee try to kiss you last night, at the front door?

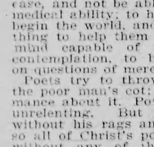
Daughter (blushing)—Not very hard, mamma.

THE RESULT

OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S WORK.

Not An Assertion, But a Truth, Proven by the Accumulated Testimony of 20 Years.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

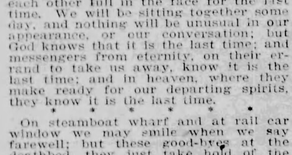


HERE'S a reason for it, when a special remedy for a special disease maintains the first place in the faith of the people for twenty years; when, year after year, the confidence given cautiously at first rolls into a tremendous volume; when one woman's name is known throughout the civilized world; when letters by the thousands come by every mail from all parts of the earth in gratitude and praise; when druggists place this remedy first on the list of standard remedies.

Then there is a reason for it. *Lydia E. Pinkham* and her wonderful Vegetable Compound, deserve the first place in the hearts of womankind.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women from all disease arising from irregularity and derangement of the uterus and womb than any remedy known to medical science.

Are you suffering? then profit by the experience of this thankful woman:—



Dear Mrs. Pinkham,—Last winter I did not think my little ones would have a mother long. I suffered terribly with female troubles.

I could keep nothing on my stomach, and got so "poor" my friends hardly knew me. I suffered with severe headaches, dizziness, faintness, backache, and the blues.

Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am now as fat as ever, and have no female troubles.

If you use my letter I hope it may be the means of saving some other poor mother's life as it did mine.—MRS. ELLA VAN BUREN, St. David, Fulton Co., Ill.

MAN WITH AN IRON STOMACH

THIS CHAP IN LEIPZIG HAS THE APPETITE OF AN OSTRICH.

A Diet of Lamp Chimneys—Sawdust Soup, Coal, Soap and Candles Also Please His Palate.

Leipzig has a sensation just now in the person of Strazini, who has kept the medical profession in a state of excitement ever since he made his appearance there. Strazini astonishes his audiences by first eating a soup which consists of sawdust, plentifully mixed

EURYING HIS HEAD IN BROKEN GLASS.

with coal oil. The mess is set afire, and after the flames have been extinguished Strazini eats the peculiar mixture, ladling it out with a spoon, writes a Leipzig correspondent.

He follows this up with biting piece after piece from the lamp chimney, crusning the glass between his teeth and swallowing it. He washes it down with a little water. For dessert he mushes pieces of hard coal, peat, washing soap, tallow candles, pieces of plaster cast and bricks, boots, clay pipes, and seems to enjoy the conglomeration. All this is eaten at one meal and in quick succession. A little water is the only beverage in which he indulges during that meal. Strazini asserts that he does not feel the slightest discomfort from this unusual diet and he certainly looks it. When he has finished his dinner of ceramics, he pours down two cups of coal oil, throws his head back, and holds a lighted torch to his mouth. There is a deep puffing sound, and a flame three feet long leaps from his mouth.

After eating, Strazini gives an exhibition of dancing, as wonderful as what

WITH BARE FEET ON GLASS.

has gone before. He does it with bare feet in a box filled with debris and shreds of champagne bottles, lamp shades, wine glasses, etc. Into this he dives with his feet, jumps about in all directions, and ends by burying his head in the broken glass. The strange part of it is that he comes out with not a scratch. His cuticle seems to be as impervious to such an onslaught as his stomach is to sawdust and brick and burning coal oil. Medical men from near

FLAMES LEAPING FROM HIS MOUTH.

and far have interviewed this curious phenomenon, but are unable to give an explanation of his wonderful performances.

Danger From Catarrh.

The most important feature about that very common complaint, catarrh in the head, is its tendency to develop into some other more serious and dangerous disease. The foul matter dropping from the head into the bronchial tubes or lungs is very liable to lead to bronchitis or consumption, that destroyer which causes more deaths in this country than any other disease. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do but little good. The common sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla. The powerful action of this medicine upon the blood expels every impurity, and by so doing cures catarrh and gives health to the entire organism.

MISS ARABELLA JONES-SMYTH.

She isn't very pretty,
She isn't very witty,
Her conversation sometimes is quite inane;
But the "swells" all flock around
With reverence profound—
For she proudly sports a hyphen in her name.

She dances like a camel,
Her complexion is enamel,
Her figure would a hat-rack put to shame;
But the "dudes" bow down before her,
And for "just one waltz" implore her,
Fascinated by that hyphenated name.
—Truth.

A City Boy.

Robbie—That is a queer-looking winter scene.

Mamma—Winter? Why, don't you see that the artist has made the grass and green trees and—

Robbie—Well, what kind of a summer would it be without keep-off-the-grass signs up?—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Brave Youth.

Father—He says he loves you, but can he support you in the style you have been accustomed to?

Daughter—Even better, father dear, if you will just furnish the money; that's all that discourages him.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Vindicated.

"Well," said Quilkins, "I got even with that editor, anyhow."

"In what way?"

"He said the joke I submitted was flat, and I proved to him that it was one of Sidney Smith's most successful efforts."—Washington Star.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Battle of Carrick's Ford.

Editor Camp Fire:—While these stirring events were transpiring General Garnett, hearing of the combined movements and conscious that he would be unable to maintain his position or make a successful retreat if defeated, withdrew his forces from Laurel Hill camp and was proceeding towards Beverly when he received intelligence of the surrender of Colonel Pegram and the rapid advance of General Rosecrans accompanied by the intrepid Colonel Lander toward the spot he was himself approaching. He then struck off on the Leading Creek pike, half a mile from Leadsville and commenced a rapid retreat towards St. George in Tucker county. General Morris's brigade entered the rebel camp at Beverly at 10 o'clock a. m. of Friday, the 12th of July. At 11 o'clock the federal troops, detailed to follow General Garnett, started in pursuit under Captain Benham. The advance comprised Colonel Steedman's Fourteenth Ohio, Colonel Milroy's Ninth and Colonel Dumont's Seventh Indiana and two pieces of artillery with 40 men; total about 1,850. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 13th they set out in a pitiless storm guided by the baggage tents, trunks, blankets, knapsacks and clothing thrown away by the enemy. The roads had been obstructed by the retreating foe. A guide, however, led them by a cross road which enabled them to gain rapidly on the enemy. On reaching the track again it was found necessary to keep an advance of axe men to clear the obstructions. This was performed with the greatest zeal and alacrity while the storm raged furiously around them. About noon General Garnett had reached and passed Kahler's Ford, 12 miles from St. George. When the advance of the Federal troops emerged from the ford they caught sight of the rear of the enemy and they were instantly nerved with new life. The retreating Southerners were also excited and redoubled their speed if possible, throwing away everything that encumbered their progress. General Garnett had become thoroughly convinced that there was no alternative but to make a stand and thus test the question of superiority without delay. He continued his course, however, until he crossed the fourth ford on the river known as Carrick Ford and prepared to receive his pursuers. On the left bank of the river were level bottom land, corn fields and meadows. On the right high bluffs commanded the fields below, and its bank was thickly hedged in with impenetrable thicket of laurel. Fording the river and placing his men on the high bluff on the right they were completely concealed while the situation gave his artillery every advantage. Their wagon train was left standing in the river evidently to mislead his pursuers with the idea that they were unable to cross the rocky bed of the stream. The Federal troops advanced to seize the train, and were within range of his artillery on the bluff. The Federal column pushed rapidly forward.

Steedman's Fourteenth Ohio was in front and as they approached the teams their drivers called out that they would surrender the position, and the conduct of the teamsters, however, excited the suspicions of the regiment, and the men were disposed in order, with skirmishers thrown out towards the ford, the line moving down after them in the finest order, and as the advance was approaching the stream, and only about two hundred yards from the steep bluff on the other side an officer rose from the bushes and gave the order to fire. Immediately a volley of musketry was followed by a discharge of artillery. The Fourteenth Ohio and Seventh Indiana were directly under the fire and returned it doing good execution, while that of the enemy flew harmlessly over their heads. The Fourteenth, being nearest the ford, were almost exclusively aimed at, and for a time the storm of war was frightful. The roar of cannon, the crashing of trees, the bursting of the shells and quick volleys of musketry made the wild scene one of terrible and appalling havoc. Amid it all our men stood undaunted, and returned the fire with great rapidity and in superior order. Burnett's artillery then came up and opened, and the under cover of their fire the Seventh Indiana was directed to cross the river and climb the bluff on the enemy's left. They made the attempt and two companies had already reached the top when they were directed to descend and make the descent so as to turn the enemy's right. Col. Dumont led his men down the stream with such dispatch that the enemy could not turn his pieces upon them until they were concealed from view by the spurs and beyond the guns on the bluff. During this movement the 44th Ohio and Col. Milroy's 9th Indiana, with our artillery, kept up a brisk fire in front until suddenly Col. Dumont's men having scaled the bluff, appeared on the right and poured in a volley. The appearance of our troops there was the signal for a retreat, and the enemy instantly broke up in rout and disorder, precipitately flying from the field.—N. P. Burt.

(Continued next week.)

A Soldier's Legs.

"People will never tire of listening to war stories," said a veteran to the Louisville Courier Journal the other day, "but you never hear of any of them telling of their running experiences. It is not because they never run, for all of us have been through that school. No man ever went into battle but he was glad when it was over. The legs of the bravest get very weak in the presence of shot and shell, and bravery, after all, is only a matter of honor; the man without honor is a coward. The honorable man has nothing to fear, and in battle he would suffer ten thousand deaths rather than have a comrade say he failed to do his whole duty. But as to running—yes, I have run. Tell you about it? Certainly.

"One afternoon, while I was in charge of the rear guard, on a march in Virginia, a number of men dropped out of the ranks for the purpose of hunting 'applejack.' The commanding officer of the guard ordered me to take a detachment, return to the little town through which we had passed a half-hour before, and arrest the stragglers. I obeyed the command, and, by fast riding, soon had the 'applejack hunters in charge. On the return, as it was late in the day, we moved at a leisurely pace. A half mile from the town a lane crossed the road on which we were traveling. This lane was over a small rise of ground, so that one could not see very far along its stretch.

"Between where I was riding and the mouth of the lane I noticed a suspicious object moving along toward us; it dodged from one corner to another of fence, apparently trying to conceal itself. While wondering what the fellow—for by this time I discovered that the object was a colored man—was up to, I was near enough to speak. 'Don't stop,' said the man. 'Go as fast as you can. The 'federates 'll git you. Dey's right ober de hill; go as fas' as you can.' I gave the order, and away we went, as fast as horses could carry us. We had just crossed the mouth of the lane when the 'federates appeared on the summit of the little hill.

"With the famous 'rebel yell' they came sailing down that lane, shooting at every jump. We put spurs to our horses and presented as small a target as possible by laying low on their necks. It was a hot race, with the chances in favor of the Confederacy. For two miles the 'graybacks' chased us, keeping up a constant and rapid fire, but, thanks to our horses, we escaped without the loss of a man. That was not the only time that I ran, but the story will suffice for this time. We owed our safety to the thoughtfulness of the 'man and brother,' a debt which I always recall when I hear the race traduced."

Look at Pearline through the

wrong end of the glass, if you will; make all its labor-saving, money-saving qualities appear as small as you like; cut them down one-half;—and still there will be left a place for it in every home, and an urgent call for it from every bright, progressive woman. It isn't necessary to exaggerate the virtues of Pearline. Perhaps that couldn't easily be done. But without telling of them all, there's enough to prove it the easiest, quickest, safest and most economical thing you can use, in all washing and cleaning. 498 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

DIAMONDS SET IN THE TEETH.

San Francisco Likes the Fashion—New Feature of Dentistry.

Dr. Luella Cool, of San Francisco, was thrown on her own resources five years ago. As the dentists of the Pacific slope did not look with favor on the invasion of their profession by women a sturdy fight was required on her part to gain a footing. She decided that she must make innovations in order to attract attention. She introduced two. She inserted diamonds in the front teeth of Frisco belles, and as for the men, she chiseled their names and addresses on the gold crowns fitted over the roots of imperfect teeth.

Each experiment she first made on herself. Diamonds were inserted in an upper and a lower front tooth. The effect produced was novel, and as the bustling West demands novelties, a new fashion began. One of the stones was inserted in a sound tooth, and is surrounded by white enamel. The second was fastened in a gold crown. When Dr. Cool laughs or talks both stones are revealed, sparkling like the stones in a ring. Several young women in San Francisco have had Dr. Cool insert diamonds in their teeth, but the fashion has not spread further east than Chicago.

The cost of diamond fillings, of course, depends on the size of the stone. Although the diamond may not be large, it must be of the purest quality. Fifty dollars is the lowest

DR. LUELLA COOL.

price asked by Dr. Cool for a diamond filling. Higher prices depend on the value of the stone. Her device of chiseling her name and address on the crown once served her as a means for identification in a Chicago bank. The advantages of a permanent visiting card are innumerable.

Dr. Cool arrived in New York recently, crossing the continent by way of Panama. Hard work in San Francisco had impaired her health, and a rest was necessary. She has a business-like air about her, and talks cleverly. Speaking of the novelty of a diamond filling, she said that at first the effect produced by the diamond sparkling in a tooth was not pleasing, but that it soon became attractive. Several methods can be used in diamond fillings. As with gold fillings, the most common way is to drill a cavity in the tooth, fill it with a plastic cement, which becomes firmly embedded when the cement hardens. Care must be exercised with live teeth that the cavity be not too deep. When a diamond is set in a gold crown the dentist uses the same methods as the jeweler when he sets a stone in a ring. In each case a part of the stone projects over the surface of the tooth, but as the diamond is flattened thelibs are not injured. Acids and saliva have no effect on the stone.

Dr. Cool intends to visit Guatemala and work among the residents as a dentist, having found that the people of Central America are passionately fond of diamonds, wearing them on all occasions, and even inserting the gems in the handles of umbrellas, which are carried only for show. Dr. Cool intends to visit the capitals of the South and Central American republics.

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles. "Pre-eminently the best."—REV HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SOME CLEVER SAYINGS

Of Women Whose Talents the World Has Recognized.

Mary Livermore:—It is better to live fifty years now than five hundred at any previous period.

Mary A. Ripley:—Wrong thought, at least, show life, and if there is vital force, there is hope that it may find true guidance—that it may be rectified. But for a dead mind there is no hope.

Florence Nightingale:—It does not make a thing good, that it is remarkable that a woman should have been able to do it Neither does it make a thing bad, which would have been good had a man done it, that it has been done by a woman.

Mrs. John Stuart Mill:—A mind which learns to be satisfied with what it already is, which does not incessantly look forward to a degree of improvement not yet reached, becomes relaxed, self-indulgent, and loses the spring and the tension which maintain it even at the point already attained.

Frances Willard:—It becomes not only the privilege but the sacred duty of every woman to cultivate and utilize her highest gift. There is no more practical form of philanthropy than this, for every one who makes a place for herself higher up, leaves one lower down for some other woman who, but for the vacancy thus afforded her in the world's close-crowded ranks might be tempted into paths of sin.

Not Satisfactory.

"I understand," said the detective, "that you had a clue to the whereabouts of Crookles, the famous criminal."

"Yes," replied the brother officer.

"A slight one."

"What was it?"

"A man came to me and said he was Crookles, and wanted to give himself up because he was tired of eluding justice."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. He couldn't prove his identity."—Washington Star.

Quite the Same Thing.

Mr. Oldboie—I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy.

Kennard—Indeed. Well, I wasn't born with shoes on, either.—Truth.

The Sunday School.

The Sermon on the Mount.

LESSON VII, NOVEMBER 18, 1894.

Golden Text: As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6:31.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 6:20-31. Memory verses: 27-31.)

20. And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said, Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God.

21. Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh.

22. Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake.

23. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in like manner did their fathers unto the prophets.

24. But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation.

25. Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep.

26. Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets.

27. But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.

28. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.

29. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also.

30. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.

31. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

Illustrative Applications.

Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God (v. 20.) This wouldn't be a comforting assurance to the rich. And the poor would find comfort in it only in proportion to their confidence in the one who proffers it. It is not a promise merely for the next world, for the kingdom of God is here and now, as well as hereafter; and another life; but it is that there is something better than money, and that he who lacks money can have God if he will accept him. He who wants money as a source of comfort and happiness will not want God as all in all. He who has money can have God only as he counts his money as nothing but a burden which God alone can help him to carry and to use aright.

Blessed are ye that hunger now; for ye shall be filled (v. 21). If a man doesn't hunger, he doesn't want to eat. He who is full already is not wishing for more. He who now has all he wants has no longings for what he has not. With this world as it is, the best things in every proper sphere are yet unattained. He is poor indeed who is satisfied with what he has; he has no right to be so. Reaching out after more things and better is the duty of every man—as a child of God. He may, indeed, be contented with his lot, as God has assigned it to him, but he ought not to be satisfied.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you * * * for the Son of Man's sake (v. 22). It is no credit to a man to be hated on his own account, but to be hated for Christ's sake is a very different matter. If we find that hostility to us and dislike of our spirit and words and ways comes only because of our Christ-likeness and of our fidelity to Christ as our Master, we may confidently look for the blessing that is promised to such objects of hatred; but before we can comfort ourselves with this conviction we must be sure that all dislike of us pivots on our likeness to Christ.

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you (v. 26). This is a curse that most of us are free from. Whoever else is in danger of being universally liked and praised, you and I are sure of exemption from the woe that attaches to those who are free from all censure on the part of his fellows. Yet it is well for us to remember that we cannot be universal favorites if we do right fearlessly, and that therefore we must not aim at pleasing everybody. It were better to be hated for Christ's sake than to be praised for always doing what is popular.

Love your enemies (v. 27). "To love" is to wish dear. We may hold dear the interests of those who hate us, even though our feeling may not be pleasurable as we consider their conduct. If we see them in imminent peril, we may wish to rescue them. If we know that they are very dear to those who are dear to us, we are likely to have added interest in their welfare. When, therefore, we consider that one who is our enemy is dear to God, and that God would have us deal tenderly with that one as a proof of our love to him, it cannot be but we shall fail to hold him dear for the sake of him who is dear to us, and to whom he is dear.

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them likewise (v. 31). The element of fairness is in this rule. Hence, of course, it is understood that we ought to do toward others as it would be fair for them to do toward us. We might indeed selfishly wish a rich man to give us his property, or a neighbor to vacate his house for our convenience, or a man of strong will and fixed opinions to be always ready to yield his judgment to ours; but that wouldn't be fair. We have no right to expect anything of the sort from him, nor ought he to expect it from us. But whatever we think would be the fair thing toward us were the cases reversed, we ought to do toward our neighbor in any emergency. Put yourself in the other's place as far as can be, to enable you to decide what you ought to do for, or to endure from, him. That is the working of the Golden Rule.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges are no higher in price than the worthless imitations. Ask to see them.

MERRY JINGLES.

Let those whose voices are ill tuded
Fair Autub's praises sing;
The pleasadt days the charbig dights
Fide idspiration brig.
I'd like to chadt of fallig leaves,
Cried, yellow, red ad gold,
But I can't sig of adythig
With this codfounded cold.
—Kansas City Journal.

Little Bo Peep,
She lost her sheep,
Which was quite agonizing;
But she found them again,
Without worry or pain,
By simply advertising.
—Printers' Ink.

There is a difference in the way
A modern maiden's heart will soften:
To this young man "come off" she'll say—
While to that one it is "come often."
—Buffalo Courier.

All hail, fair month, of all the train
Most favored by the Fates;
The month of fruit, the month of grain
The month of candidates.
—Washington Star.

The Modern Pugilist.

"I understand that Thumpetts and his manager had an awful row the other night."

"I should say they did. I saw it myself. I never saw a madder man than Thumpetts was. Why he was actually almost mad enough to fight."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Small Boy's Desire.

Johnnie—I wish that the folks that made the calendars had made all the days Sundays.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Johnnie—Well, there wouldn't be no week day school and no Saturday night baths.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An Irish Triumph.

Cabbage was the most widely used vegetable in England before the potato was introduced.—American Farmer.

SICK HEADACHE

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MISSOURI'S REMARKABLE TRIO.

Triplets Each of Which is as Large and Strong as the Average Baby.

Triplets were born to Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Moorman, of Monett, Mo., on August 22, and are doing so much better than might have been expected that at the age of two weeks they faced a camera without flinching. Two of the interesting trio are girls. They are all bouncing babies and up to the average in size, weight and personal appearance, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Their father is a painter by trade, 32 years old, temperate and respected in the town where he lives.

Up to the present time, he asserts, he had never done anything to attract special attention. He was married in Kansas in 1887, lived for a few years in Kansas City, and went to Monett in 1890. Mr. and Mrs. Moorman have two other children, a girl of six and

THE MISSOURI TRIPLETS.

a boy of three years of age. Mr. Moorman is of medium height and weighs 150 pounds. His wife weighs 140 pounds at the present writing, but says that she has been feeling badly for some time and is not up to her usual weight, which is 160.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

A Precautionary Measure.

Country Cousin (visiting in the city)—Well, there's sense in this rule, any how?

City Cousin—What is it, Jay?

Country Cousin—Why, this book on etiquette says that a gentleman should always retire from the parlor backwards. That's so they can't git a chance to kick him, guess.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What Could You Expect?

One woman voter insisted on placing her ballot in her own envelope. She said she desired to use that special envelope, as it had her monogram embossed on it.—Hartford Times.

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THE "NASBY LETTERS."

For a few weeks longer, we will offer to any subscriber, when he sends the renewal of his subscription, who will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade, a copy of not only the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, but also his choice of any of the following books:

"Reveries of a Bachelor," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "House of the Seven Gables," "Cranford," "The Coming Race," "Dream Life," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "Essays of Elia," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Twice Told Tales," "Paul and Virginia," "Story of an African Farm," "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Lucile," "Dreams," "Black Beauty," "One of the Profession," "Sartor Resartus," "The Idyls of the King," "The Pleasures of Life," "The Lady of the Lake," "Mornings in Florence," or "Rab and His Friends." All standard works, no trash.

Remember the $1 should be sent to The Blade direct, and not through an agent.

Understand, we mean exactly what we say. For $1, sent in September, we will send the Weekly Blade one year, a copy of either of the above-named books, and a copy of the "Nasby Letters." We believe that the above offer includes more reading matter for a dollar than it is possible to buy elsewhere on earth.

We have a few copies left of "Nasby in Exile," which we will substitute in the place of the "Nasby Letters," when desired.

OUR TEA SET OFFER.

Our readers will notice that we again announce The Blade's tea sets, which was so popular with housekeepers of The Blade two and three years ago. This time, however, we make a great reduction in price, and offer such clubbing inducements as will give you the choice of sending cash or clubs.

It will be noticed that we offer these sets very low for cash, BUT MUCH LOWER FOR CLUBS. We prefer to GIVE AWAY these sets for clubs. Why spend money for a new tea set when you can raise a club in two hours that will give you the tea set for nothing? Every Blade family needs a new set of dishes.

WAGES OF RAILWAY EMPLOYES.

The Railway Age of November 2 has an editorial article on the wages of employes, which is an extremely valuable contribution to the vexed question of strikes by railway men for higher wages. As the Age says, when such a strike is made, men of course assume that the company is able to pay a higher rate if it chooses. When told that it can not be done, they do not believe it. When figures of the company's reports are quoted, they fall back upon these stock arguments:

First—The company could afford to pay higher wages to its men of all ranks if it did not pay so much in large salaries to higher officers.

Second—The money which ought to go in wages is appropriated by the company for the payment of dividends upon watered stock.

The Age has collected the figures for the fifteen leading railways of the West, which operate rather more than one-fourth of the entire railway mileage of the country, and employ one-fourth of all the men in the railway service in the United States. It finds that these fifteen railways have 170,657 officers and employes; that the total amount paid for a year in all salaries and pay rolls is $107,888,694; and that the total amount for the year paid in salaries of $5,000 and over is $1,205,151. If these salaries were wiped out, and the amount paid these officials were distributed equally amid all employes, the result would be that it would increase each man's wages by just $7.06 a year, or 13 cents a week. The Age says:

This is what the talk about high salaries comes to as affecting the employes, when the facts are reached that if on the railway companies of the West the entire staff of presidents, general managers, vice presidents, counsel, superintendents, engineers—any one else who was receiving $5,000 a year—were to be absolutely wiped away and their offices abolished, the entire money so saved, being distributed among all employes, would raise the general level of wages by just about 2 cents a day! That the talk about the large salaries paid by railway companies is ridiculous, however, we have more than once pointed out, inasmuch as the salaries paid are not high as compared with those which similar abilities command in other lines of business.

Regarding the second claim, that the money which should go to wages is used in paying dividends on watered stock the Age finds that of the 15 companies referred to, 12 earned some margin for dividends during the last fiscal year. Three showed a deficit. The aggregate net earnings applicable to dividend payments of all the companies amounted to $8,941,065. The total capital stock of all the companies was almost exactly $1,600,000,000. The dividend earned therefore on the total stock was a little over four-fifths of one per cent. If half of all that stock was watered the dividend earning amounted to less than one and four-fifths of one per cent. If three-quarters of it was water and only one-quarter represented actual investment, the dividend was less than 2 1-4 per cent.

The Age, however, declares that not three-quarters nor a half nor a quarter of the stock is water. But to go to the utmost length that the most radical labor man could expect, and suppose that not one-quarter, nor one-half, nor three-quarters of the stock is water, but that all of it is so. What then?

There are 107,657 employes, each one of whom wants his share of that net earning—his portion of the $8,941,068. Let us suppose that he gets it; how much does he receive? He receives just $82.39 a year, or $1 a week.

Suppose that all the capital stock of the Western railways was wiped out; suppose that all the owners of the properties—all the investors in and the holders of those $1,000,000,000 of securities—were to get together and say: "That is all right! We do not want any money from our investment. Let the men take it all. Let them run the roads and keep all the profits there are in it. We waive our claim"—suppose, we say, that this were to be done, the resultant profits to the individual employe would be an increase in pay of less than 15 cents a day.

Hence the Age reaches this conclusion: "It is not to the money which now goes to dividends, nor to the money which now goes to the higher officers, that employes should look for any possible increase in their pay. They must—if anywhere—look somewhere else. Where, then?" The question is a pertinent one. The Age has done good service to all thinking men in collating these facts. The truth can hurt no one; it is falsehood which injures the country and the workingmen.

FIGURES WHICH PROVE NOTHING.

Some curious figures have been given out by the British Medical association as the result of certain investigations into the question of longevity in connection with the use of alcoholic beverages. Deaths to the number of 4,234, taken at random, show the average age of temperate drinkers to be 63 years; careless drinkers, 59 years; free drinkers, 57 years; intemperate drinkers, 53 years; total abstainers, 51 years. The analysis in the case of those who reached the age of 80 or more shows that 15 per cent were total abstainers, 10 per cent heavy drinkers, and 74 per cent moderate drinkers. Of those who lived more than 90 years, 15 per cent were total abstainers, 8 per cent were hard drinkers, and 75 per cent moderate drinkers.

These results are being seized upon to bolster up the theory that the advancing, vigorous and progressive races are those which consume the largest quantities of alcoholic beverages, while the decaying or non-progressive races consume the smallest amount; therefore it is argued that the degree of vigor in any race is in proportion to the quantity of alcohol consumed, and on the other hand the degree of decrepitude is in direct ratio to their sobriety and abstinence.

But it will not do to assume that indulgence in liquor is the cause of national vigor on the one hand, nor that sobriety causes racial decay in the other. The reasoning must go deeper than that. It is far more correct to say that the same causes, whether climatic or racial, which produce great physical and mental vigor, and superabundant vitality, in certain races or nations, also create a strong desire for the pleasures of alcoholic stimulation, and give the capacity for resisting the evil effects of this indulgence; while on the other hand a feeble race can not use strong drink and still continue to exist.

With regard to the figures of the British Medical association, it is certainly fair to assume that the reason there appears to be a greater number of moderate drinkers who reach old age in that country than of total abstainers, is because of the fact that out of any number of persons selected at random, at any age past manhood, but few total abstainers will be found, and also that the moderate drinkers, in England as elsewhere, as a class, are very likely to be the most virile and vigorous, and for that very reason the appetite for alcohol strongly developed, and the drinkers strong enough to control it. It cannot be argued from these figures that the moderate drinkers would die sooner if they entirely abstained, nor that the total abstainers would live longer if they indulged in alcohol in moderation. On the contrary is it not more reasonable to assume that the average age of the moderate drinkers would have been greater had they been abstainers? There is too great a mass of direct medical evidence as to the harmfulness of intoxicating liquors used as a beverage. It will take better evidence than the figures above quoted to make any temperance man abandon his principles and give up the struggle to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

CZAR NICHOLAS II.

The accession of Nicholas II to the absolute rule over the Russian Empire—which covers one-seventh of the land area of the globe, and has a population of 126,000,000—is an event of the highest importance to the world. His father, Alexander III. was an upright man, a statesman in the best sense of the word; and though he showed no disposition to grant any of the reforms for which his people clamored, his wise course certainly has kept peace in Europe.

What will be the policy of the young man of 26, who finds himself wielding greater power than any other human being? What will he do with the questions coming up for solution, in which Russia is interested? Unfortunately, the world knows but little of the character of the new Czar. One view is that he is a scholarly and cultured man, genial in manner; another, that he is self-assertive and dogmatic, looking always on the dark side, and sullen and overbearing in demeanor. One thing is certain—that, like his grandfather, he has contracted a morganatic marriage. This left-handed wife is a beautiful Jewess; but, of course, her children are illegitimate, and can never be counted as members of the imperial family.

The most pressing question which concerns Russia, as well as the other great powers of Europe, is that involved in the Korean war. With Japan pushing steadily forward, and winning victory after victory, the time will speedily come when these powers must decide how far the Japanese government shall go in its career of conquest, and what terms it shall be permitted to dictate to China. Then Russia will certainly demand a "rectification" of her Chinese frontier, which, of course, will include the absorption of a generous slice of Chinese territory. England and France will have a word to say in the same way, and the question of the agreement of the three is an open one.

Another disquieting question is what the attitude of Nicholas II. towards France will be. Alexander was friendly, and the French have built great hopes on this fact. But suppose Nicholas should lean towards his cousin, the young "war lord," Emperor William, of Germany? These two young men could, by striking hands, dictate terms to all Europe. Furthermore, the Afghanistan matter is still open, and England waits to see if the Russian policy of a slow but steady progress across the backbone of the Asian continent toward her Indian Empire is to be continued. The settlement of the Korean war will probably involve this matter, for the Pamirs touch China, Russia and India; and the "rectification" of the Russo-Chinese frontier will probably involve the Afghanistan boundary. And there are affairs in the Balkans, which are still a matter of diplomatic dispute between Russia and Turkey.

Well may Europe wait, with bated breath, to hear the new Czar define his policy and his affiliations! He is absolutely supreme. No Congress or other body representing the people exists to come between him and his will. He can dismiss his ministers with a word. What he may declare as his will is law to the Russians. Every lover of peace fervently hopes his policy may follow that of his father; for if it does not, that long-predicted struggle of the giants for the mastery of Europe will occur in the near future. Suppose, for instance, Nicholas should be fired with the ambitions of the first Napoleon?

"MAN OF GALILEE."—COUPON NO. 1.

For the benefit of our readers who did not get last week's paper, and for those who for other reasons, have not yet ordered part 1 of "Man of Galilee," we herewith repeat Coupon No. 1.

COUPON No. 1.

This Coupon, returned to us with 10 cents, is good for Part 1 of "The Man of Galilee." Write your name and address plainly. Address "Premium Department," The Blade, Toledo, O.

Now once more we call upon everybody who have not yet ordered part 1, to cut out above coupon and send to us by next mail with ten cents and your name and address in full. We want everybody to see what an elegant work of art this series promises to be. We shall not urge you to order the future parts, but we know we do you a favor if we induce you to get Part 1. You will not be obliged to order the succeeding parts unless you want to. We predict, however, that you will want the whole series. We shall print one coupon a week on first page, in the usual place, but will not again repeat a coupon. It will be important to use the coupons as fast as published, as we can not undertake to supply back numbers of The Blade.

WANAMAKER'S PRICES.

The Democratic papers in some sections are endeavoring to bolster up their theory that all kinds of goods have been cheapened as a result of the new tariff law, by the assertion that John Wanamaker has made great reductions in the selling prices of his goods. Howard, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second West Virginia district, made the same assertion in his speeches. This caused a Republican to write to Mr. Wanamaker, inquiring the truth of the matter. The following is the reply:

John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.
Private Office, Oct. 24, 1894.

S. H. Chalfant, Shinnston, W. Va.:

Dear Sir:—Answering your letter inquiring if it is true that our firm has made a reduction of 33 1-3 per cent in prices on account of the new tariff, I have to say that such a statement is both false and silly.

Silks under the new tariff are 5 per cent less; linens, no change at all; gloves, very little. Each article is reduced according to the tariff schedule. Some articles cannot be reduced at all because the foreign manufacturers have seen their chance to withdraw certain rebates formerly allowed, as they knew our work people had not yet accepted the lower wages necessary for them to take to compete with foreign manufacturers under the new tariff. There are large reductions in prices of goods, but they arise from sales of goods of people forced to realize or driven out of business by the long shuffling and finally unwise legislation of Congress. Yours truly,

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Mr. Howard had asserted all over his district that Wanamaker had made a 33 1-3 per cent. reduction on goods on account of the Democratic tariff law. It will be noted that Mr. Wanamaker's reply not only punctures the lie, but brings out two very instructive facts for voters:

First, that foreign manufacturers, taking advantage of the unwillingness of American wage-earners to accept reduced wages necessary to compete with them, are demanding more for their goods than formerly. In other words, they are pocketing the tariff reductions, as they have been known to do before. So the American consumers pay increased tribute to the foreign manufacturers.

Second, "there are large reductions in prices of goods, but they arise from sales of goods of people forced to realize, or driven out of business by the long shuffling and finally unwise legislation of Congress." This is one way to make commodities cheap, but it is a very costly way to any people.

The unsoundness of the free trade policy for the United States is thus clearly demonstrated. It forces producers to sell to get ready money, drives manufacturers out of business, and throws their products on a falling market. Such a policy means the decay of our industries, bankruptcy for capital, and idleness for the workingmen. And this what a vote for Mr. Ritchie means.

THE NEW PENSION POLICY.

The annual report of the Pension office, covering the first complete fiscal year under the present administration shows an utter disregard for the individual rights of the Union soldiers under the existing pension laws. When compared with prior administrations it shows that a force of 2,000 officials have granted 39,085 new pensions (less than 20 for each official), and dropped 37,957 old ones from the roll and left at the end of the year 619,027 claims waiting consideration.

The entire number of pension certificates issued during the year, including the increase cases of the Mexican war pensions, was 80,213; and 132,873 claims were rejected—while in the last year of the Republican administration, with substantially the same force of clerks and examiners, with a loyal purpose to execute the same existing laws, there were issued 311,589 pension certificates, and 222,937 new pensions granted.

The late report says: "New claims of all kinds have fallen off from 363,799 in 1891 to 40,148 in 1894," and it concludes from this "that original claims for pensions under existing law are substantially all in," evading the fact that the great falling off in new applications is largely due to the unfriendly policy that dominates the Pension Bureau. The small number of pensions granted was due entirely to the new and hostile policy of the present management of the Bureau, and not to any lack of cases ready for the issue of certificates, for when the present officials began their career their predecessors in office had turned over to them more than 700,000 claims, with more than 190,000 complete with nothing in the world to do but to issue the certificates. Under Cleveland's former administration, there were 80 per cent allowed of all the claims considered, while under the present one 80 per cent are rejected.

THE ELECTIONS.

As the Weekly Blade, in order to make through mail trains for distant portions of the country, has to go to press at 6 p. m. on Tuesday evening, the earlier portion of the edition necessarily can not contain any of the results of the elections which are progressing as this is written.

Early on Wednesday morning we will insert a synopsis of results, which will be found in the later portions of the edition. Next week will contain the returns from every state.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

Few people realize what a powerful, though generally indirect, influence political action has upon the business world. This is well illustrated in a study of the fluctuations of the balance of trade of the United States. For the ten years from 1875 to 1885, the balance of trade was steadily in our favor, in no year being less than $72,000,000. At the close of Cleveland's second year, 1887, the balance was against us to the tune of $28,000,000. When Harrison brought in a Republican administration, the balance came back to us, and in the third year of his administration it was $202,000,000 in our favor.

A study of the figures of our imports and exports since the establishment of the constitution, and its phases during the periods of political control of the government by the different parties, is quite interesting. The results of such an investigation show these facts:

The Federalists lost annually for twelve years $10,826,536, or in all $129,918,432.

The Whigs controlled the government for eight years, with imports amounting to $158,878,331, and a total of exports of $47,336,375, which gives an annual loss in the excess of imports over exports of $13,942,744.

The Democrats had control for 56 years prior to 1892, and in that period they show a gain of exports of $171,949,891, against a loss in the imports of $1,005,394,181, making the annual loss by the Democrats for the whole 56 years $14,893,648.

The Republicans had control for twenty-eight years, in which they show a gain in the excess of exports of $1,875,856,715, against a loss in the imports of $1,124,741,934, or an annual gain in the excess of exports of $26,825,560.

Or a Republican gain of $23,000,000, against a Democratic loss of $14,000,000. That is to say, in 28 years the Republicans gained enough to overcome the losses of all the other political regimes in the United States.

DEMOCRATIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

Who does not remember the Democratic howl over the alleged "extravagance" of the Fifty-first Congress, which that party dubbed the "billion-dollar" Congress? Suppose we institute a brief comparison between the appropriations of the first session of the Fifty-first, and of the present Congress, and see where the charge of extravagance really lies.

The present Congress has already appropriated $30,000,000 more than was done by the first session of the Fifty-first Congress. The appropriations of the present body include $12,000,000 to meet deficiencies of the preceding (Democratic) Congress. The appropriations of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress included deficiency appropriations for no less than $38,500,000, created by its Democratic predecessor.

The permanent appropriations of the present Congress for its first year aggregate $101,028,000, which is $554,000 in excess of the permanent appropriations of the first year of the Fifty-first Congress. The total appropriations of all kinds by the present Congress so far aggregate $492,230,685, while those of the same period of the Fifty-first Congress reached only $463,398,510. Thus the present Congress, with a revenue less than governmental expenses, has been more extravagant than the much-berated "billion-dollar" Congress. Democracy does not practice what it preaches.

We this week print in the usual place, Coupon No. 2, calling for Part 2 of "The Man of Galilee." We have so arranged the second page that here after the paper will not be mutilated by clipping the coupons. This, no doubt, will please a majority of our readers who preserve their copies of the Weekly Blade. As stated heretofore, we shall not urge anybody to order Part 2 of "The Man of Galilee." We are certain, however, that every person receiving Part 1, will lose no time in his order for Part 2. We do, however, urge again that every person who has not yet ordered Part 1 do so at once. You will be richly repaid for the ten cents invested.

The French Academy of Sciences has addressed itself to the solution of the problem why, if a cat be dropped from a height, it will always alight on its feet. One of the members, M. Marey, read a paper on this topic, and submitted 60 photographs, showing a cat in various attitudes while falling five feet. One represented puss in the air, feet upward, making frantic efforts; then a somersault was turned, and she alighted on her feet all right. There was a long discussion, but the problem is still unsolved. Experiments will be continued until a solution is reached.

The Argentine Republic is an example of the ruin that comes from financial heresies like those upheld by the Populists of this country. The circulation per capita in Argentine is somewhere between $200 and $300, and there is still a loud clamor for more. Business is stagnant, the country is bankrupt and destitution prevails throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Oscar Wilde says "a man marries because he is tired; a woman because she is curious." Whereupon the New York Mercury remarks that his epigram would be true, if the latter half were qualified by the word "sometimes."

If all the silver now in the possession of the government were molded into a column one foot square, it would tower up into the air six and a quarter miles. And it would be about as useful in that form as it is now.

The real reason for the removal of Caprivi is probably that the young Kaiser wanted him to do nothing but what he was bidden, but to accept all the responsibility.

Those persons who have but a passing interest in politics will heave a sigh of relief, now that newspapers will devote less space to political doings

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The arrest of Levi P. Morton's coachman, by order of Mr. Carlisle, secretary of the Treasury, on the ground that the coachman and Mr. Morton had violated the contract labor law, developed a legal point of much importance. The coachman was secured by Mr. Morton in London, and was brought to this country in Mr. Morton's service several months ago. A few weeks ago this fact was brought to Secretary Carlisle's knowledge by a revenue officer of Vermont, and on the secretary's order the coachman was arrested. On a recent examination in this city Judge Lacombe decided that the coachman belongs to the class of personal servants (exempt from the operation of the law), but that the law itself makes the secretary, not the courts, final authority in deciding whether or not a person is so exempt. Consequently Howard was ordered retained subject to the directions of the secretary. The arrest was everywhere denounced as an unworthy political trick, intended to injure Mr. Morton's canvass for governor of New York, and Secretary Carlisle on Saturday ordered his release. This, however, does not settle the legal point raised by Judge Lacombe.

The repeal of the reciprocity clauses of the McKinley law in the case of Brazil and Cuba, and the putting of a duty on raw sugar by the new tariff law, in the case of Germany, have wiped out a market for nearly $60,000,000 worth of American products per annum. These products are those of the farm and the factory, and the men who have been engaged in producing this merchandise are thus to lose a portion of their means of livelihood.

Bicycle riders will be interested in learning that a high judicial authority somewhere in the East has decided that a rider on a bicycle has equal rights on any street or public road with those in other vehicles. If a rider on a wheel meets a wagon, he is entitled to half the road, and if the driver of the wagon refuses to turn out he can be punished for committing a misdemeanor. This is good common sense, and a knowledge of the legal status of bicycles should be disseminated among the rural population.

It was given out by the Democratic managers that the reason Cleveland did not register in New York was that he had lost a residence there. But it now is found that he is assessed on $5,000 personal property there this year. That gives him the right to vote. The fact is, he did not want to vote, and so refused to register.

The United States government has denied the request of Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, for permission to seize whisky in bonded warehouses when the owner of the whisky has violated the dispensary law. What will Ben do now? When the supreme court of the state decided against the law he reconstructed the court. Will he try to reconstruct the United States government?

The stock raisers of the West are up in arms against the new tariff law because it discriminates in favor of the Mexican stock raiser. It enables him to ship his stock into this country and sell it in competition with stock raised on American farms

At a public sale on a farm near London, Madison county, Ohio, the other day, a fine lot of Shropshire fleeces, thoroughly washed and cleaned, sold for nine cents a pound, and that on nine months' time. No sheep-raiser in the state can afford to vote with a party which legislates value away from his product.

It is not calculated to soothe the feelings of the men who followed Coxey to Washington to read that the general's wife is wearing $500 seal skin capes, or did until they were destroyed by fire a few days ago.

Kwang-Su, the young emperor of China, is hardly the sort of man to rule a great nation. Since the war began we have heard frequently of his doings, among the most conspicuous of which were depriving Li-Hung-Chang of his yellow riding jacket and his three-eyed peacock feather, and ordering the decapitation of his unfortunate subjects. His last act, that of smiting in the face his young empress, to whom he was married five years ago, causing her to commit suicide, shows him in the character of a wretched infuriate, incapable of governing himself, much less his millions of people. There is a prophecy in China, based upon a dream once upon a time interpreted by wise men for the Dowager Empress, that after Kwang-Su shall have reigned for twenty years there will be a change of dynasty in China. The twenty years will be up on January 12, 1895. Japan will undoubtedly assist the prophecy to fulfillment.

The promulgation throughout Germany of a decree prohibiting the importation of American cattle and dressed meat because, as alleged, of the danger of the spread of Texas fever there, has caused wide discussion, and vividly recalls a similar action by the German government about ten years ago with reference to the importation of American hog products. The claim has been made, as announced, that Germany's action is retaliatory instead of being based on sanitary grounds, and that it is due to our having raised the rate of duty on importations of beet sugar, of which Germany is a large producer. In the meantime the United States representative at Berlin has been instructed to ask for a designation of the causes upon which the German government bases its action.

Without doubt the most powerful and apparently the most calculable factor in the problem of war or peace abroad has passed away in the person of the late czar of Russia, who died at Livadia on Thursday. The great influence of the dead ruler was thrown steadily for the maintenance of peace. Owing to the fact that a fatal outcome of his disease has long been expected, the effect of Alexander's death has been to a considerable extent discounted, but the fact remains that a new political influence has to be reckoned with in his successor.

A happening of importance in Europe the past week was the retirement of Gen. Von Caprivi from the German chancellorship, in which he is succeeded by Prince Von Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst. The change has, of course, not attracted the attention that was inseparable from the retirement of Prince Bismarck, but it will generally be considered of some importance as furnishing another indication of the determination of the present German Emperor to be in effect his own chancellor.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"The Art of Investing" is the title of a book. If the author had only turned his attention to the elucidation of the art of acquiring something to invest, his work would have a wide circle of anxious readers.

A writer in a morning paper says that there is "more beauty than ugliness in this world." This is no doubt true, for the census shows that there are more women than men in the United States.

A legal light May yearned to be,
And studied with a vim,
But when Frank knelt with pleading she
Laid down the law for him.
'Twas ever after thus, as he
Admits with humor grim,
For Frank is pleading still, while she
Lays down the law for him.
—Harlem Life.

She (just taking up palmistry)—"I don't suppose you believe that fortunes can be seen in one's hand?" He—"Oh, yes I do; if the hand is the best out and there is no limit to the game."

"Type is now made for paper." It is a poverty-stricken rule that won't work both ways. Newspapers have long been made from type.

It is said that the charms of the kiss were revealed to the ancient civilized nations, "but they hardly knew what to do with it." Well, when they got one they should have put it right back where it came from. That is the way a kiss should be served every time.

The football season's come again,
It's ghastly work's begun;
They gouge each other's ears and eyes,
And break their ribs and shins and thighs,
And have no end of fun.
—Kansas City Journal.

Oh, mother, please, mother, come home with me now,
The afternoon's slipping by fast.
You said you were coming right home from the polls
As soon as your ballot was cast.
Poor father came in for his dinner at noon,
And not a mouthful could he find,
And the words that he said as he slammed the front door,
Left a strong smell of sulphur behind.
—Kansas City Journal.

Lady—For shame, that the young man should smoke in the car! Won't you speak to him, sir?

Solemn Man—It would be useless, ma'am.

"And why, pray?

"I'm his father."

May—"Are you still calling on Nellie Update?" Brother Jack—"Yes; she's a very bright girl." May—"She must be. I hear you do not need a light in the parlor when you and she are there."

"How did the plan of having three janitors work?" "Capitally; didn't use as much coal by several tons." "How did you manage it?" "One was Irish, one was colored and the other German, and they made things so warm when they dressed work that I had to put in electric fans all over the flats."

Kennard—"I wish I were a rumor." Lucie—"Why so?" Kennard—"So that I might gain currency."—Truth.

"Mr. Bellow told me that he was a Yale man. Do you know what class he was graduated from?" "From the sophomore class."—Harlem Life.

"Professor, why is Pallas Athene considered the goddess of wisdom?" "She was a goddess who did not marry."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"'Nothing,' says Scribbler, 'is more disheartening to a man than the discovery that he has married a woman who loves to keep his writing-table in order.'"—Tit-Bits.

"Do trouble 'bout refohm," said Uncle Eben, "am dat a man gin'rally gits out ter tackle de universe, an' wuhks roun' by degrees ter 'is pus'nal short-comin's."—Washington Star.

Hotel Clerk—"We can give you all the home comforts here." Uncle Arner (from Squedunk)—"Mister, I want nuthin' but when I come to a city hotel, I kin git home comforts to hum."—Harper's Bazar.

"I never talk about the club to my wife." "I do. I speak of it in glowing terms, and then stay at home occasionally. So my wife thinks there isn't a more self-sacrificing husband in the world."—Kate Field's Washington.

"No, George," she said, "I can never be yours." "Then I am rejected?" he moaned. "No, dearest, not that; but I am a woman's suffragist and cannot be thus yours. You, however, may be mine if you will."—Harper's Bazar.

"This Chinese war is an expensive bit of business for me," sighed Boobie, at the club. "You? How can it affect your pocket?" asked Wilkes. "My Chinese laundryman got a fit of patriotism and went back to China with half my shirts and three-quarters of my collars and cuffs."—Harper's Bazar.

"Duffkins gives a great deal of polish to his verses." That's not strange. He began life as a bootblack.—Boston Gazette.

Visitor—"Well, Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up?" Tommy—"Ma says I am going to be just such another lazy loafer as pa is."—Texas Siftings.

Jagwell—"Was it a centerboard yacht that you took that trip on?" Wigwag—"Blessed if I know. I was too busy with the sideboard."—Philadelphia Record.

Simpley—"What's that—some new kind of light-house lamp, or a pinwheel in motion?" Artist—"Lamm, pinwheel, sir! That's a sunset!"—Trenton Town Talk.

Operatic composer (whose first act, consisting entirely of plagiarized music, is being hissed)—"Great heavens! what will they do when they hear my own music in the next act?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mrs. Monte Martre—"I didn't see you at the polls yesterday." Mrs. Hubbers—"No. The fact is, I had nothing to wear but the old gray gown, and I've worn that to two elections already."—Detroit Tribune.

"I would like to make your last hours comfortable," remarked the humorous man to the Thanksgiving turkey. "What can I do for you?" "Thanks, awfully," answered the Thanksgiving turkey. "If you will furnish the chestnuts, I'll do the rest."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Tinkle—Why, how well you behaved, Johnny, while the callers were in.

Johnny—I had to, mother. My trousers were ripped.

Conductor—"Did you give the porter your baggage?" Passenger—"Jerusalem! do you want me to give him my baggage, too?"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Who pulled the bellcord?" asked the conductor, "I did," answered the passenger. "What did you ring both ends for?" "Because I wanted both ends to stop."—Philadelphia Record.

Too many men prefer being called "a good fellow" at the saloons to being one at home.—Flodida Times-Union.

JUST ABOUT WOMEN.

Mme. Verastegui, of the City of Mexico, has sued Colonel Romero for $84,000 damages for killing her husband in a duel.

Mrs. Paran Stevens is reported as jubilant because of her legal victory over the executors of her husband's estate, with whom she has been in litigation for a numerous collection of tedious years.

Mrs. Childs, widow of George W. Childs, has taken out a permit to erect a residence at 1527 K street, Northwest, Washington. The building will be of brick, four stories, with cellar, and will cost $40,000.

Mrs. Peary, wife of the Arctic explorer, is a very much interviewed woman these days. She graciously finds time to leave the precious baby and give reporters enough material for many interesting stories.

Mrs. George Gould (Edith Kingdon), the actress that was, is a frequent visitor to the theaters, and enjoys a good play as thoroughly as any one in the audience. By reason of her earlier tuition Mrs. Gould is a clever critic, too, and quick to detect good points and hits in "the passing show."

There are women in Vienna who make a living by being "physician subjects." One of them, for example, hires herself out to medical men as a subject on which they may illustrate laryngology and rhinology. She receive about 75 cents and hour, furnishing her own instruments. Her throat has so little sensibility that the manipulations produce no irritation.

A pleasant little story is being told illustrating the happy home life of the German imperial family. Recently a very splendid dress with a very long train was shown to the Emperor William, and it was suggested that he order it for the empress. "Impossible!" he cried; "the train would get torn to pieces in no time, for my wife has always three or four youngsters clinging to her gowns."

There is no more popular woman in Germany than the empress, and the chief reason, according to the common belief, is that she is a model "hausfrau"—a good housekeeper, as they say in New England. She is fonder of domestic life than any other royal woman in Europe, except, perhaps, the Queen of Denmark, and her imperial station is less attractive to her than her place at the head of the kaiser's household.

BITS OF INTEREST.

Prof. Ball says that the actual momentum of some of the tiniest meteors is equivalent to that of a cannon ball.

A United States court recently decided that the author of a painting might sell it and yet retain the copyright.

Two thousand frogs were recently imported into England by the Duke of Bedford, to clear his ponds of parasites.

A newspaper (the Oklahoman) in Oklahoma City has changed hands twelve times in six months. This is an immense circulation of its kind.

Marie de Medici, the mother of three queens, was driven into exile by the influence and advice of Cardinal Richelieu. She lived in great poverty, often wanting the necessaries of life.

A string bean with a blue pod was the sensation of the recent Crystal Palace fruit show. The first plant was obtained by accident from a lot of French seed, but the grower has now fixed the type and can reproduce it regularly.

There is a curious area of a few acres in Chesapeake bay, above Crisfield, which is always disturbed, even in the calmest weather and when the surrounding water is still. It is called the Puppy Hole.

When Voltaire wrote his "Candidate" in which occurs the bit of satire about the eight tramps meeting at an inn, most of them without money enough to buy their dinner, there were, at that time, no less than eight dethroned monarchs wandering about Europe, some of them in great poverty.

A "tell-tale" milk jug has just been devised in England. It is a glass measure, graduated at every quarter pint. Below the pint and half-pint marks three lines are etched, showing the thickness of cream which should appear in milk of average quality. In good and in very poor milk, thus measuring both quality and quantity.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Abram S. Hewitt is a confirmed dyspeptic.

Benton, Ky., boasts of a 13-year-old "pretty little milkmaid" who weighs 470 pounds, and who has a baby sister of 7 who makes the beam tremble at 175 pounds.

W. L. Jones, a farmer of Sioux Falls, was as deaf as a door-nail until a swarm of bees alighted on him and almost stung him to death. When he got out of the hands of the doctors he was not only cured of the stings, but could hear as well as anybody.

Assistant Chief Langford, of the Fall River fire department, is a jolly, red-faced, gray-haired Falstaff, who, though handicapped with a 300-pound corporosity, can do better, quicker and smarter work at a big blaze than any man unde his command.

Professor Todd, of Amherst college, who has for some years been an enthusiastic student of eclipses and of the sun's corona, is perfecting plans for his expedition in 1896 to Japan, where an important eclipse of the sun will be visible on August 9 of that year.

Mrs. J. M. Bittenbender, a lawyer of Nebraska, and her husband have incorporated the "Uncle Sam's Anti-Drunkard Factory Concern." The object of the concern is to circulate and dramatize a book proving rum to be a demon, which Mrs. Bittenbender is writing, and the capital stock is $500,000.

Fred May, who was at one time subject of considerable talk in the New York newspapers, is quite often seen in the up-town hotels, where he is now a resident of Washington. He is a fine-looking man, tall, broad-shouldered, and well put together. He is polished in manner, faultless in dress, and looks to be on the sunny side of 40.

William E. Moultrie, of Saratoga, Santa Clara county, Cal., claims the distinction of having been the first child born of American parents in that state. His father and mother were Missourians, who journeyed across the plains in 1845 in company with the Donner party, from which they separated in time to escape its fate. They settled in what is known as Santa Clara county, where Moultrie was born, November 14, 1847.

Frank L. Stanton, the Georgia poet, preserves a queer memory of General Sherman. When the Union forces invaded Savannah, the general placed a guard at the house of the poet's father, who was a Northern man, and afterward visited him. While he was there the infantile poet came into the room, and Sherman, taking him upon his knee, said: "This is a fine fellow, but his head is a heap too big." Stanton became a "devil" in a printing office, and afterward a compositor before he began to produce the verses that have made him celebrated in the South.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Li Hung Chang has sought to buy four British warships.

New York weekly imports, specie excluded, for last week were $10,628,273.

President Peixoto of Brazil, is accused of misappropriation of national funds.

More than three thousand employes of the government in Washington went home to vote.

Paris is shocked to hear that her police department may be run on the pantata plan.

John Walter, principal owner of the Times, of London, England, is dead. He was 76 years old.

A dispatch from Kiel reports the refinding of the Encke comet by Professor Cerulli at Teramo.

Seventy-eight lives were lost in the wreck of the steamer Waitarapa; 152 persons were saved.

A national association of Immigration Restriction leagues has been formed, with headquarters in Boston.

Prince Hohenlohe, Germany's new chancellor, will have representatives to deliver his speeches in Parliament.

The postodice department has decided to redire the 30-cent and 90-cent stamps, and to replace them with 50-cent and $1.

Coxey says he will be the logical candidate of the People's party for President, and will not refuse the nomination.

By a vote of 94 to 63 the lower house of the Georgia assembly refused to consider a resolution declaring for silver.

Germany has prohibited the importation of American cattle or fresh meat, fear of Texas fever being the reason alleged.

During a circus parade at Terrell, Texas, an awning collapsed and four persons were fatally and 100 seriously injured.

Premier Rosebery declared for the curtailment or abolition of hereditary legislative privileges in an address at Bradford.

Sixteen persons are known to have been killed in the earthquakes in Mexico, while the damage to property is enormous.

The cloakmakers' strike is driving buyers from New York city, and causing manufacturers to have goods made in Europe.

A split is threatened in the Irish parliamentary party. Healy is said to have definitely cut loose from the McCarthyites.

Stanley Knowles, one of the A. R. U. strikers, has written a confession of the train wrecking conspiracy at Battle Creek, Mich.

The home of J. S. Coxey, of commonweal fame, near Massillon, Ohio, was destroyed by fire, with all its contents, on Saturday.

The President has approved the sentence of dismissal for drunkenness imposed on Chaplain Plimmer, of the Ninth cavalry.

The Chinese Emperor is reported to have summoned his viceroys and governors to Peking, to learn why they have failed to crush Japan.

The French government will introduce resolutions in the Chamber of Deputies declaring war on Madagascar and asking funds to carry on hostilities.

John Jacob Astor will build the biggest hotel on earth on the site of the present Astor mansion, Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York city.

The German government is about to establish agricultural bureaus in connection with its embassies at Washington, London, Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg.

The Spanish Cabinet has resigned, but it is expected that Senor Sagasta will form the new ministry, in which several of his late colleagues will have portfolios.

The change

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—Gold Watch, Men's Size, $15.75.

The watch and casemakers of the United States have been trying to produce at a low price a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in appearance, time-keeping qualities, durability, etc., and have succeeded beyond their highest expectations. This watch is the celebrated thin model watch—we mean by thin model, that it does not bulge the pocket out of shape, or give people the impression that you are carrying a clock movement. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch makers. The ring joints, thumb piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which of course will wear for generations. The works contain the Logan celebrated Breguet hair spring—a regulator so simple that a child can work it, jeweled in all important parts with precious stones, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be entirely unnecessary. The movement is made by the celebrated Elgin Watch Co., and is perfect in construction and durability. This watch is offered to "Blade" subscribers only, and any subscriber may buy all he wants for his friends. This watch comes in Hunting case only.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size Gold Watch, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $8. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Open Face Gold Watch, $11.50.

Men's size, open face, either engraved or engine turned, gold watch, $11.50. No. 3 is a magnificent gold filled watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 15 years, just like solid gold. This watch is open face only, stem winder, pendant set. Price by registered mail, $11.50.

Offer No. 4—Men's Open Face Solid Nickel Silver, $5.50.

Waltham or Elgin Watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is made of a composition of silver and nickel, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. We send it to subscribers, delivery guaranteed, for $5.50. Screw case, dust proof.

Offer No. 5—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case; Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it can not be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and their professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers, for $22.00.

Offer No. 26—Men's Size—Open Face Silver, $6.50.

This is a seven jewel Waltham or Elgin, open face only, stiffened silver case. In other words, in order to give strength sufficient to make the case durable without making the metal thick and heavy, the silver is strengthened by a nickel plate, introduced in such a manner as to be entirely hidden, and were it not explained, the purchaser would not be able to tell it from a heavy, solid coin silver case. This watch does not come in Hunting case—open face only—with a heavy beveled plate glass crystal, strong and durable. The dial is of white porcelain, either Roman or Arabic characters. In order to prevent the possibility of the hands catching, the dial upon which the second hand is mounted is sunk below the level of the surrounding face. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $6.50.

Offer No. 27—Men's Size—Coin Silver, $10.00.

This is a solid, coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch, open face or Hunting. This is the newest silver case in the market, being the same model as our "Blade Special Watch No. 5." Heretofore this model case was only made in solid gold and high priced, gold filled watch cases, and it has taken so well that the manufacturer has placed this coin silver watch on the market. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all latest improvements. We will deliver this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $10.

Offer No. 28—A Strong, Cheap Watch, only $1.90, by registered mail.

This is a new, cheap watch for boys, and just the thing for farmers in the field, or the laboring man at work. Nickel plated, stem wind, and ordinary size of an open face silver watch. Very strong and will keep good time. Price, by registered mail, only $1.90.

"Crescent Street" Waltham Watch, Men's size—Pride of the Waltham Factory.

The best full-size Waltham watch is called "CRESCENT STREET." This watch is made from the very finest materials, each part being selected by expert workmen. Every wheel is perfect, every jewel is a precious stone, every pinion is polished to the highest degree. In fact, this watch is as the Waltham Company guarantees, "perfect in construction and finish." The Company also says in its catalogue that this is "the finest full plate movement in the world." The full plate is a recent improvement in watch making. It is a metal cap, covering all the mechanism, excepting the balance, thus saving many bills for cleaning. These celebrated works are full jeweled with red ruby jewels in solid gold settings. They contain compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator and double sunk dial, made expressly for this watch. The dial is genuine.

No. 102—Crescent Street, gold filled, 20 year, hunting or open face case.....$37 00
No. 103—Crescent Street, gold filled, 15 year, hunting or open face case.....33 25
No. 104—Crescent Street, 2 oz. coin silver, hunting or open face case.....27 85
No. 105—Crescent Street, solid nickel silver, open face, dust proof case.....25 00

"Appleton, Tracy & Co.," Waltham—Men's Size.

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO." is one of the celebrated watches of the world. The works are full jeweled with 15 extra fine red ruby jewels in solid gold settings, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting, Breguet hair spring, special adjustment to temperature, echronism and position, and all the very latest improvements. This watch took the first prize at the World's Exposition in Paris, against all competitors, both American and Foreign. We will deliver this watch to any address in the United States, works as above, in—

No. 106—Solid 14 kt. gold, 40 dwt., hunting case, only.....$40 00
No. 107—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. hunting case 28 50
No. 108—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. open face..... 22 50
No. 109—2 oz. solid coin silver, hunting or open face..... 17 50
No. 110—Stiffened silver, open face, only..... 15 50
No. 111—Solid nickel silver case, open face.. 12 75

LADIES' WATCHES.

Offer No. 15—Solid Gold, $22.00.

The works are manufactured at Waltham or Elgin. They are made of the finest materials, carefully selected. The jewels are all cut and polished in Europe, where secret processes are handed from generation to generation. The dial is made of the finest porcelain, and the hands of blue tempered steel. The case is solid 14 kt. United States assay, handsomely engraved. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $22.00.

Offer No. 16—Gold Filled, $13.50—Waltham or Elgin.

Is a lady's gold filled engraved watch, guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear fifteen years. The works contain seven jewels, exposed pallets, safety pinion, and all improvements. Price, delivery guaranteed, $13.50.

Offer No. 17—Solid Gold, Waltham or Elgin, $16.00.

Is a lady's solid gold hunting or open face case, very delicately engraved, contains a Waltham or Elgin movement, seven jewels. A perfect time keeper. Postpaid, $16.00.

Offer No. 18—Gold Filled, Ladies' "Skylight" Watch, $12.00.

Is a 14 kt. gold filled engraved "Skylight" Waltham or Elgin, guaranteed to wear twenty years. The case is made by placing two heavy sheets of 14 kt. gold, reinforced between with a thin sheet of stiff composition, which makes a perfect case for protecting the works. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece, hinges, and every part subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, while the gold is brought down over the edges of the composition metal and joined in such a way that even an expert is obliged to cut the case to find that it is not solid gold. We will deliver this watch for $12.00. Open face only.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address,

"THE BLADE," Toledo, O.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons.....$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons..... 80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks..... 2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks..... 1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks..... 2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks..... 1 15
1 dozen table knives..... 2 25
1 dozen table knives..... 4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA

And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

COMPLETE IN 30 HANDY VOLUMES, OVER 12,000 PAGES.

We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopedia contains more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving point d, practical, explicit and most instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 13 pounds.

READ OUR OFFER!

We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers' Encyclopedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

The following list of small articles are sent postpaid by registered mail. Ask for "The Christine" Goods, triple plate on white nickel.

	½ doz.	1 doz.
Teaspoons	$2 00	$3 75
Tablespoons	4 00	7 50
Table forks	4 00	7 50
Dessert forks	3 50	6 50
Dessert spoons	3 50	6 50
Sugar shells, each		85
Butter knives, each		1 00

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

Which Are Sent by Express, at Buyer's Expense.

These goods are "The Christine," triple plated on white nickel, all same pattern, and in rich box:

Berry spoons, each	$2 50
Pie knives, "	3 00
Fish knives, "	3 00
Fish forks, "	3 00
Oyster ladles, "	3 50
Soup ladles, "	3 50

ELEGANT HOLLOW WARE.

Beautiful new designs, superbly finished, either triple or quadruple plated. By express at buyer's expense:

	3 plate.	4 plate.
Sugar bowl	$1 75	$2 25
Cream pitcher	1 75	2 75
Spoon holder	1 75	2 75
Pickle castor	2 25	3 25
Butter dish	2 75	3 25

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

Prices Reduced—Better Grades and New Styles.

Some months ago we discontinued the sale of mackintoshes, but have now made a new arrangement whereby we are enabled to supply better goods, at about a third less than our prices last spring. We offer both single-texture and double-texture goods, sewed and seamed. These goods are not pasted together, but substantially sewed. We prepay express charges, and deliver these goods at your nearest express office.

In Men's goods we offer three grades, breast measurement ranging from 36 to 46 inches, each coat 53 inches long, of double-texture goods, handsome plaid lining. In ordering, care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as changes can not be made. Here are the styles and prices:

Men's Waterproofs, With Capes. Men's Waterproof.

Men's dark blue (F 27) or black (F 23), sewed and seamed, double-texture, delivered at any express office in the U. S., prepaid $6.00
(Our former price, $8.85.)
Men's plain Henrietta, double-texture, sewed and seamed, black (22) or blue (23), delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S. $7.00
(Former price, $9.85.)
Men's double-texture gray wool (28), storm coat and general overcoat, delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S. $7.00
(This is a new offer, and a coat that once retailed at $18 to $20.)

Ladies' Waterproofs, With Capes.

Women's single-texture diagonal black (F 23), or blue (F 27), delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S. $4.50
(Former price, $5.95.)
Women's double-texture Inverness, plain black (23) or blue (23), delivered prepaid at any express office in U. S. $7.00
(This is a new offer and magnificent goods.)
The same, (22) or (23), with triple capes, detachable, collar on capes, delivered prepaid at any express office in U. S. $8.00
(This last triple-cape garment is a new style and a new thing in waterproof garments.)

All remittances must be sent to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

SIMPLE SCIENTIFIC TRICK.

To Note How Carbonic Acid Gas Settles in the Bottom of a Jar.

One of the simplest and most interesting of elementary scientific experiments is that of finding the density of carbonic acid gas. It can be performed by means of the most ordinary materials—a large glass jar, a bottle and a siphon. The siphon may be made of paper if necessary. Pour into the bottle a liquid composed of half vinegar, half water, and drop into this solution some pieces of soda crystals, such as are found in every household. Small bubbles—carbonic acid gas—will then rise in the bottle.

ARRANGEMENT OF BOTTLE, JAR AND SIPHON.

The siphon being placed so as to connect the bottle and the jar, the gas will flow through it into the jar, in which three candles of different heights have been placed. After some time the smallest candle, which was lighted at the same time as the others, is seen to flicker and go out. Some time after the second candle will meet with the same fate, the third being finally extinguished by the gas filling the jar to the top. It will be seen from this experiment that the carbonic acid gas is so heavy that it first settles at the bottom of the jar and then gradually fills it, extinguishing the candles as it increases in density.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO!

I want my lady friends to know of the new field now open to them. In the past six months we have made a profit of $907.02 after paying all expenses. All our sales have been made at home, not having canvassed any. My official duties calling me away most of the time, I left the Dish Washer business in my wife's control with the above results. The business is rapidly increasing, and will continue to grow until every family has a Climax Dish Washer. Not a day passes but what we sell one or two, and some days fifteen or twenty Dish Washers. It's easy selling what everybody wants to buy. You can wash and dry the dishes perfectly in two minutes. For full particulars address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Get a sample washer, and you can't help but make money. They only cost $5. You may just as well be making $5 a day as to be doing nothing.

"THE MAN OF GALILEE."

THE SECOND PART OF THIS FINE WORK NOW READY.

Read the Table of Contents—If You Have Not Already Sent for Part 1, Do It at Once.

This splendid work is entitled "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," and furnishes a complete geographical and historical account in narrative and picture of the places where Christ and the apostles lived, toiled and triumphed. Showing where Jesus was born, reared, baptised, tempted, transfigured and crucified, and reviewing in chronological order the scenes of his prayers, tears, sermons, miracles, and religious achievements which brought to humanity the dawn of a new day.

It may thus easily be seen that the work, comprising as it does the results of months of travel and observation, involving three separate tours of the Holy Land, will prove a most interesting and valuable educational and religious fine art publication which readers of The Blade will not be slow to appreciate.

The Work Itself.

This magnificent work will be issued in WEEKLY PARTS. Each part contains not less than 16 fine engravings, each 8 by 10 inches in size, with full descriptive reading underneath. Each part also contains a large, colored map of Palestine, from the latest surveys, specially prepared for this work. On this map is traced the travels of the party who made the expedition on purpose to obtain these views. These traces also show the travels of Christ while on earth. The First Part will also contain an Introduction, by Bishop Vincent; also an

Outline Harmony of the Gospels

and Chronological Index, which of itself is worth ten times the price of the part. Each and every part will contain descriptive, historical and explanatory reading matter sufficient to make a history of the places portrayed.

Contents of Part 1.

1.—The Pilgrims—View of the camp of the party in Palestine.
2.—Birthplace of John the Baptist.
3.—Nazareth, from Esplanade of the English Orphanage.
4.—The Gardens of Shunem.
5.—The Tower of Jezreel.
6.—Plowing on the Plain of Jezreel.
7.—Mill at Dothan.
8.—Part of Caravan at Dothan.
9.—A Fence at Dothan.
10.—Flocks Near the Pit Into Which Joseph Was Thrown.
11.—Pillars in Samaria.
12.—Falls of Nablous.
13.—Garden of Nablous.
14.—Mount Ebal.
15.—Jerusalem from Scopus.
16.—Approaching Bethlehem.

The Second Part.

Part 1 brings the expedition to Bethlehem, the birthplace of the Savior. With Part 2 the following of His footsteps begins. The engravings in it will be:

1.—Flowers of Palestine.
2.—Interior of the Church of Nativity.
3.—Altar in the Church of the Nativity.
4.—Entrance to Grotto, Church of the Nativity.
5.—Place of Birth, Church of Nativity.
6.—Mosque of Omar from the South.
7.—Road to Bethlehem.
8.—Pools of Solomon.
10.—Entrance to the Garden of the Virgin.
11.—Tree of the Virgin.
12.—Coffee House near Virgin's Fountain.
13.—Heliopolis and Obelisk.
14.—Threshing at Heliopolis.
15.—Drawing Water on the Nile.
16.—The Virgin's Fountain.

How to Get the Work.

To the subscribers of the Weekly Blade we will supply these parts, postpaid by mail, one part per week, on the receipt of TEN CENTS, accompanied by the little coupon printed on the upper right hand corner of the Weekly Blade. The number on this will be changed each week.

To those not subscribers, and to any person remitting without enclosing the coupon, the price will be 25 cents for each part. Each part is well worth 25 cents, but our idea is to give the subscribers of the Weekly Blade these parts at actual cost. They will therefore appreciate what we have told them many times before—that it is well to be a subscriber to the Weekly Blade!

How to Address.

Address all orders to "Premium Department, Toledo Blade, Toledo, Ohio." In all cases where possible inclose a silver dime rather than postage stamps, as we get more of the latter than we can dispose of.

Don't neglect to give your own name and postoffice address in full, very plainly written. Address "Premium Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

COMMANDS A CHINESE SHIP.

Capt. McGiffin Now Helping in the War Against Japan.

Philo N. McGiffin, a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy in the class of '82, and honorably discharged from the American navy in 1884 because there was no vacancy for him, is now commanding Chen-Yuen, the finest ship in the Chinese navy. His classmates at the naval academy, who were given places in the United States navy, have not been promoted so rapidly. It will probably be years before one of them will be given the command of a ship of any kind.

PHILO N. M'GIFFIN.

Commander McGiffin is the only American naval officer in the Chinese service, and is sanguine of final success for the power he serves.

In a recent letter to his family who live in Morristown, N. J., he says: "The Japs are very confident that they can whip us. Of course, they cannot in the end. But I wish to say that for men who are going to fight with odds greatly against them, our Chinese seamen are full of pluck.

"I am going in to whip or be killed, and you must not think very much of it if I am killed. It is the best way to die. Our cause is right, and anyhow I am for China. I do not fear to die a bit. I command a good ship and crew. We won't die if we can help it."

In another letter he says: "Don't believe the sneers you may hear at the Chinese sailors. They are plucky, well-trained, and full of zeal. The Japs are their lifelong enemies and they will fight better against them than any other race. All our swords and cutlases are ground to a razor's edge. I shall use mine as a razor, I think. The Japs outnumber us in ships, and have better ships, save one or two, and a great many more, but we don't growl at that. We will make up for it by firing faster and better and handling our ships better."

EVER AND EVER SO LONG AGO.

He told her a story, 'twas all so sweet,
Ever and ever so long ago;
And he knelt him down at her precious feet,
Ever and ever so long ago.
And he said, "I would have my life all this
One perfect joy!" and he sought to kiss
Her finger-tips, it was, oh, such bliss!
Ever and ever so long ago.

She foolishly hearkened to all he said,
Ever and ever so long ago,
Till he kissed her lips so ripe and red,
Ever and ever so long ago.
Then he knelt no more, nor kiss would he
Her finger-tips; love's slave was she;
And now are the same as they used to be,
Ever and ever so long ago.

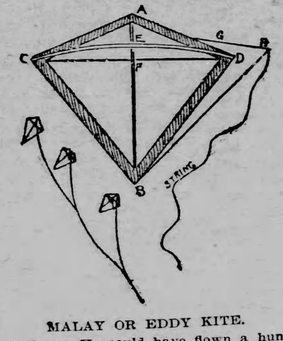
A KITE MINUS A TAIL

ANOTHER JUVENILE TRADITION IS LAID ON THE SHELF.

Is a New Jersey Man's Idea—Of Much Value in the Weather Service—Tests in Boston.

One of the first thing learned by every boy is that a kite cannot, will not fly without a tail. Like most time-honored traditions, this kite notion held till some one looked into it with a scientific eye. Then the whole story had to be remodeled.

The some one in this kite business was William A. Eddy, of Bayonne, N. J. He flew no end of kites from the top of Blue hill, in the suburbs of Boston, the other day with nary a tail on any of them. He could have flown a hundred, all on one string, had there been men enough to hold them down.



MALAY OR EDDY KITE.

It was no boy's play, this kite flying, but a serious, scientific question addressed to the clouds and upper atmospheric region, a realm from which mankind has been thus far effectually barred, says the Herald. Balloons have been tried, but they are uncertain and expensive. Climbing mountains does not answer because of the mountain's own influence. Kites have been tried, but in a tentative way, and never satisfactorily.

Mr. Eddy comes, however, with the brand-new idea in the science of running up kites "tandem" on the same string, attaining great heights in the air, where instruments may be held for prolonged periods at a trifling expense.

The individual kites are novel in themselves, and though he modestly calls them "Malay" kites, they should be known as Eddy kites, as he devised them in their present form.

Mr. Eddy sent up a line of kites the other morning, and reached a height of about 200 feet. This was altogether disappointing, and a little investigation pointed out the trouble. His kites were made for Bayonne winds, where twelve miles an hour is fast, and the proportions were adapted solely to that pressure. On Blue hill the velocity ran, during the morning, from twelve to twenty-five miles, and this unlooked-for pressure drove down the kites instead of elevating them.

Late in the afternoon the wind died down and another flight of four kites tandem was completely successful. A height of 550 feet was attained easily, and only a lack of the kites destroyed in the morning's experiment, prevented a higher flight. The top kite maintaine its position, fixed far away in the heavens as if bound by stays.

The beauty and value of the idea as a method of investigation in weather science was apparent at once. Instruments could be attached to that top-most kite, or on all the kites in the string, and simultaneous readings, self-registered, could be obtained. It was only a question of durability of material to send up a line of kites and leave them there all the time, recording with patient inerrancy the truths of the atmosphere at a height where much is sought and but little is found.

The kite is a simple affair, the construction of which is easily within the reach of a clever boy, by following the accompanying diagram and directions. A great deal of stress is laid by Mr. Eddy on the dimensional proportions of the kite. The sticks for any kite of about a yard square are of spruce or ash and a quarter of an inch square, but this extremely slight stick may be strengthened by a brace.

The sticks a b and c d should be equal in length if for flights in strong winds, but if in light winds, c d should be the longer. Mr. Eddy has found that an addition of 11 per cent of a b's length to a b is about right for c d. Then c d is tied crosslike on a b at a point from the end, which is 18 per cent of the total (a b) length. The ends of c d are then joined by a string which is pulled taut, drawing c d into the form of a bow. How taut the string should be is learned by experience, but in a stick twenty inches long the string will be about three inches from the stick in the middle.

The strain comes at the point e, and a strengthening stick may be tied along the middle, with strings at the end of the brace only, so as to allow of bending. The frame is then ready for the paper, which should be common but strong American tissue. The paper is glued firmly, with perhaps a wrap of twine also, on the four ends of the sticks. A wide margin of paper should be left in the cutting, and this margin then, doubled over and glued down all around the edge, as a strengthening device. A piece of twine should be loosely tied around a b, between e and f, so that it can be shifted up and down. It is a bob weight, small as it is, which will be needed in the final adjustment.

The cut shows the "wrong," or upper side of the kite. The kite string is attached at the point e, but a second string from the point b joins it at a point which is found as follows: Draw the kite string parallel to e d; find a point outside of d, 10 per cent of e d, farther out, which in the cut is denoted by h; join b h, and the kite is ready. Get embroidery silk—the only item costing money so far—as much as you can afford, and then you have your kite. The kite string must, of course, be run through the paper at e.

The kite may not work steadily at first, but if the directions have been followed a trifling shoving up or down of the loose piece of twine between e and f will so adjust the center of gravity that the kite will soar presently like a bird. The wind strikes the paper altogether, which bags on each side of a—b. The whole thing has a striking look of a soaring bird when up in the air.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This poem was the favorite one of the author's, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

This is the ship of pearl which poets feign
Sails the unshadowed main;
The venturesome bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings
And coral reefs lie bare;
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

In webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl.
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year behold the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the last year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in its last-found home and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on my ear it rings,
Through the deep cares of thought I hear a voice that sings.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address JAS. A. RAMER, Box 146, Delray, Mich.

THE TRANSIT OF MERCURY.

The Little Planet Will Cross the Sun's Disc Next Saturday.

The principal astronomical event of the year will be the transit of Mercury over the sun's disk, which takes place on Saturday next. As seen from New York and vicinity the first apparent contact of the planet will be at 9:55 o'clock next Saturday morning, November 10, and the last contact at 3:12 p. m., standard time. The point of the sun's limb at which the planet will first appear is 98 1-2 degrees from the north point of the sun's disk towards the east.

A small telescope, to the eye-piece of which a piece of smoked glass is attached to protect the eye, will be necessary to view the planet, which will be seen as a beautiful round black spot moving slowly across the sun's face from east to west.

A transit of mercury is a tolerably rare phenomenon, taking place during the present century at intervals of 13, 7, 9 1-2, 3 1-2, 9 1-2 and 3 1-2 years, and so on in this order for a period of 217 years, after which a new cycle of changes will begin with a slightly different order.

A transit of Mercury can only take place when the planet is passing through its nodes, or those points where its orbit intersects the plane of the earth's orbit. The earth arrives at these points on or near the 7th of May or the 9th of November, and transit can therefore happen only at or near these dates. The next two transits will be on Nov. 14, 1907, and Nov. 7, 1914.

Mercury is rarely seen with the naked eye. Under favorable circumstances, at his greater elongations, he may be seen for a few days in the evening or morning twilight, when he shines with a brilliancy rivalling that of Venus.

The planet possesses many peculiarities. It is the nearest to the sun, receives the most light and heat, has the swiftest motions, the most eccentric orbit, the smallest diameter, the least mass and the greatest density of all the primary planets, the asteroids excepted. The velocity of Mercury varies from twenty-three to thirty-five miles per second, while Neptune, at a distance of 5,578,400,000 miles from the sun, rolls slowly along at the rate of only 3 1-2 miles per second.

Mercury's diameter is only 3,000 miles, with a probable error of only 40 or 50 miles either way. Its surface is therefore about 1-7 and its volume 1-8 of that of the earth. Its density, however, is very great, being no less than 2 1-2 times that of the earth, or very nearly equal to that of the metal mercury.

This planet is constructed of very heavy material, and notwithstanding its small diameter and mass, if we could be transported to its surface, we would weigh about 4-5 of what we do here. A body weighing 100 pounds on the earth's surface would weigh 83 pounds there.

Astronomers have very little use for Mercury. Theoretically, its transits could be used, like those of Venus, to determine the solar parallax and thence the sun's distance, but practically the results would be of little or no value.

—Do you have headache, dizziness, drowsiness, loss of appetite and other symptoms of billousness? Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you.

HATS AND BONNETS.

Styles Are Simply Bewildering—Pictures of the Prettiest of Them.

Fall millinery is a bewildering spectacle, of which any description must be tame indeed, compared to the display, for there are not adjectives enough to do it justice. Everything in hats, between the majestic picture hat and the toque, is worn, and yet bonnets are, as usual in winter, to usurp the place of hats. At least, so it is said. Both are to be equally stylish, evidently, and the one to choose is the one which is most becoming, except in evening wear, when small bonnets rule.

A stylish large black velvet hat is trimmed with a band of ivory satin ribbon around the crown, knotted through a paste buckle, and a profusion of black feathers, with one or two falling at the side in a becoming fashion.

Another Frenchy hat has a square brim, with the back corner rounded off. The crown and outside of the brim are of black velvet, and underneath the brim is covered with pale blue or pink velvet. On the edge, projecting over a little, is black lace or open embroidery wired to stand out, and in front is a velvet band on which are some tiny black ostrich feathers, growing larger around to the back and curling prettily on the hair. At each side of the soft crown is a full, black chiffon rosette, with black aigrettes in the center.

Hats in moderate size are exceedingly pretty, except where six different colors are introduced on one hat. When the brims are wide a full ruche is needed around the neck to make them look in becoming proportion. Black felt toreador hats are trimmed with a large bow of bright plaid ribbon on one side, with pompons. Smaller hats with undulating or fluted brims are very effective and becoming. Fur is much used as a trimming, sable for bonnets and Astrachan for hats. Steel is the latest decoration among the metallic novelties, but there are evening bonnets which are a shining mass of gold, steel, and silver, and mock jewels; but a rich velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin ribbon and ostrich feathers, is much more genteel and ladylike. A modified poke bonnet, trimmed with loops of ribbon and feathers, is another French fancy.

A unique bonnet shown in the illustration is among the latest models from Paris. The black velvet bandeau is worked with silver, and the full arrangement at the back, of cream white gauzy silk threaded with silver, is brought out by the background of black velvet and the black osprey. Striped and checked silks are used for rosettes and large bows, and rose pink, cornflower blue, and oriole red are among the millinery colors.

What the Other Fellow Writes.

The word "editorialette" is creeping into use. It is supposed to refer to headless and pointless paragraphs.

MY OWN.

Brown heads and gold around my knee
Dispute in eager play.
Sweet, childish voices in my ear
Are sounding all the day;
Yet, sometimes in a sudden hush,
I seem to hear a tone
Such as my little boys had been
If I had kept my own.

And when, ofttimes, they come to me,
As evening hours grow long,
And beg me winningly to give
A story or a song,
I see a pair of star-bright eyes
Among the others shine—
The eyes of him who ne'er has heard
Story or song of mine.

At night I go my rounds and pause
Each white-draped cot beside,
And note how flushed is this one's cheek,
How that one's curls lie wide;
And to a corner tenantless
My swift thoughts fly apace—
That would have been, if he had lived,
My other darling's place.

The years go fast; my children soon
Within the world of men
Will find their work, and venture forth,
Not to return again;
But there is one who cannot go—
I shall not be alone:
The little boy who never lived
Will always be my own.
—Mary M. Plummer.

WEALTH GOING TO WOMEN.

The Gentler Sex Becoming More Numerous as Stockholders.

In a large number of manufacturing concerns in Massachusetts, the affairs of which are covered by the latest report of the state bureau of labor statistics, there were 43,803 partners or stockholders in 1893, against 42,735 in 1892. The number of males included in the total for the latter year was greater, however, than that which was covered by the larger figures for 1893. There were 27,325 male partners or stockholders in 1892, and 27,211 in 1893. On the other hand, the number of women who had an interest in the manufactories dealt with by the report was 16,592 in 1893 against 15,419 in the year preceding. The partners or stockholders were 63.94 per cent. males in 1892 and 27.56 per cent. females. In 1893 the proportions were 28.38 per cent. of females and 62.12 per cent. of males. The change thus shown to have taken place in one year is regarded by the Cleveland Plain Dealer as a curious hint of the tendency of the times to place more and more of the property of the world, and especially of the United States, in the possession of women. It looks as if the weaker sex, which must hold its goods and chattels in a sense by virtue of the forbearance of the stronger, were destined to become the moneyed part of the human family.

The Inside Reason.

Hicks—How is it that Totem has so many friends and acquaintances?

Wicks—Because there are so few people who know him.—Boston Transcript.

Cast Iron Feet.

One London woman makes a good living at breaking in new shoes.

AUTUMNAL JOKELETS.

Sentiment to Suit.

"Will you sing, Mr. Smithers?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging young man. "What style of composition do you prefer?"

"Something lofty in sentiment."

He stood silent in thought for a minute, and then, low and tremulous, there broke upon the air the strains of "Up in a Balloon."—Washington Star.

The Young Man Answered.

Hearing a faint rustle in the darkened hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out:

"Well, Bessie, have you landed him?"

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments.

It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man:

"She has."—Chicago Tribune.

Was Posted.

"A woman couldn't run for office," argued the funny man, "because she can't find her pocket."

"Judging from what I have seen of politics," was his wife's austere rejoinder, "there would be plenty of people to find it for her."—Detroit Tribune.

His Smile Analyzed.

At the examination: Professor—Sir, how is it you are perpetually smiling?

Candidate—You ask such ticklish questions, Herr Professor.—Illustrirte Welt.

Boarding-House Scene.

His Landlady—What queer notion makes you want to go to the pure-food exhibition every day?

He (helping himself to a biscuit)—It's not a queer notion. It's appreciation of a novelty.—Chicago Record.

No Sale.

James—Why are you so blue? Didn't the publisher take your last books?

Toombs (the author)—That's just the trouble. He took them, and he's keeping them.—Chicago Record.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

WINTER WHEAT.

"Much bread is growing in the winter's night."—Swedish Proverb.

Since all the wheat is hidden by the snow,
Its greenness is no more a sweet surprise,
Nor shall we see again the young blades rise,
And wave with every wind's breath to and fro.
How cruel is the fate that wills it so!
And crueler still the wintry blight that lies
On lovely lips and innocent dear eyes
That death has stricken. How can we forego
Our passionate outcrying? Wrong, oh, wrong
To break the bud before its perfect flower,
To stop the music in the middle song,
And bring the dark in morning's happy hour!
What recompense, O bitter Life, in thee
Whose Discord so outrages Harmony?

But wait till time is ripe; a vernal air
Across the world of ice blows warm and sweet;
The snow-wreaths melt; and lo! the tender wheat,
Alive, unhurt, upspringing everywhere!
All through the bitter winter's blank despair,
Through the wild days of tossing hail and sleet,
And frozen nights whose glittering stars repeat
The changeless truth of God's eternal care,
Its life was growing! Restless soul, be still,
And brood upon the meaning of these things,
And beat no more with madly fluttering wings
Against the steadfast, omnipresent will:
"Much bread is growing in the winter's night,"
And outer darkness yields the inner light.

HOME TALKS.

THE FACULTY OF SEEING ULTIMATE GOOD IN ALL THINGS.

A Power We Call Imagination—Mr. Mabie Names It The Power That Liberates.

"Hark! Do you hear her sing?

"That is the way with her the whole day long. It does not matter what she has to do; what disappointments may come; she seems to put everything away from her and just go on singing. And while she is busy about her work, she makes believe to herself that she is a beautiful Cinderella to whom the Prince will come by and by with the glass slippers for her to wear out into the great, glorious world, of which she knows nothing, but dreams much, and so she never seems weary. She will not listen if you tell her of the want, the crime, the misery there is, for unless she can do something for its relief, she does not want the knowledge. Nothing ever stops for long the song that comes forth from her throat as naturally as the notes from the birds in yon tree. She has a queer way of saying that she was once a bird, and she can not forget how happy she was up among the leaves, free to fly when she pleased up, up into the sky, until she could not see the trees and the flowers, though she always knew they were there waiting for her when she came down again. She does not know just why or how she came to be a girl instead of a bird, but is sure that it is for the best whatever the reason. The song was left in her throat, though, if the wings were taken away. That is what she says, and I guess she believes it. At any rate if she could not sing, I rather think she would not live a great while."

And so the man rambled on in his talk, while his hearer waited and looked, for the singer was drawing nearer and nearer. He was curious to know what this dreamer was like, this human being who could meet poverty and privation, hard work and little recreation with always a song bubbling forth as if she knew naught save happiness. Presently she came in sight, and to his almost infinite surprise he saw a little, frail, misshapen creature, towards whom it seemed there could be but one attitude, and that of pity. As she approached, however, and he met the full glance of her eyes, his whole thought changed. What he saw in them, perhaps he, himself, could not have told, but in the place of pity came a dawning surprise that deepened into almost reverence. Something looked forth that seemed apart from the body, as indeed it was—a great soul, perhaps, that in its pilgrimage was compelled to use for a time this imperfect physical body as its only instrument of expression.

He did not recognize this, however. He did not in the least know what there was to so affect him; and why he could no more have told her that he was sorry for her than he could have flown. By and by, however, he gathered courage to ask her how she could be so happy when the greater part of the world looked upon life as such a weary burden.

"That is because they do not try to see what the 'other side' is like," she said; "for there always is another. It does not make any difference how dark things are, just beyond the light is shining. Even if you cannot see it at first, just believe it is there; be sure that it is; never let yourself be afraid that it is not, and presently you will wonder that your have ever thought it was dark. I could not sing if I did not see the light. Once long ago, I could not believe there was any, and the bird in my throat was still. I was so afraid of every thing, afraid by day, and afraid by night. I was afraid of the people that looked at me and afraid to be alone. Then by and by the thought came to me that I was a part of God, just as everybody is and every thing, and the more I kept that in my mind the less the fear grew, and presently the song came and the light shone. It is meant to be that way always I think, if we could only stop being afraid. And now when it begins to be dark, so that I dread to-morrow I just shut my eyes and try to see beautiful things and by and by the beautiful things come. People say, sir, that I imagine all this, but it is just as true to me as much that makes folks so unhappy is true to them."

And then the shining face that crowned the misshapen body was turned from him and the man went on his way wondering that one so unfortunate could yet be so fortunate; wondering, too, if life could be made so rich in joy and contentment by other souls, simply through believing and hoping, and trusting. Would the light shine for him if he put away selfish fear and lived true to the best that was within him? And was the "song bird in her throat" only a type of the song that should be in his heart, yes, in everybody's heart, because of the glorious possibilities that are forever within reach?

'Tis only heaven that's given away;
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

In an essay entitled The Power That Liberates, Hamilton Mabie says some things about imagination which are worth thinking of. He, too, makes it the "song bird" which gives to life its sweetness. "To the possessor of this magical faculty," he writes, "the outward happenings are, at the worst, of secondary importance. Homer will not find blindness too great a trial, if Troy still stands in his vision with the hosts contending about it, and the white-armed Nausicaa still greets Ulysses on the beach; and Shakespeare could have borne heavier sorrows than most men have known, the Forest of Arden, Prospero's Island, and the enchanted woodland of Midsummer Night's Dream being open to him. * * * Milton with sealed eyes, solitary in an age apostate to his faith and hope, saw Paradise with undimmed vision; and Browning, in the uproar, contention, and uncertainty of this turbulent century, heard Pippa, unconsciously touching the tragedy of life at so many points, still serenely singing her song of faith."

"Her song of faith." That is it. We are apt to degrade this power of imagination which Mr. Mabie calls the power that liberates, to identify it with what is false upon the lower plane of life, and therefore likely to lead us astray. Such a conception as that is what is not true. In its essence, this rare gift is that which leads the human being upward. It enables him to perceive that there is a soul in everything. It shows him what is the inner meanings of all things, and takes away the doubt and the terror which the happenings of life otherwise bring, and which crush down upon humanity with such relentless certainty. It is that energizes a great purpose, conceived in the heart, for it makes the "glory that is to come" visible while yet the darkness is round about. "The prophets, teachers and poets, who alone have made life bearable, have been the children of the imagination, and have had the supreme consolation of looking through the limitations into which every man is born, into the great heavens flaming with other worlds than ours."

Yes, do not let us be afraid to look into the coming days and see the brightness there, even though the present seem intolerable. Bring this gift into every-day life that we may perceive the soul of things and know that good is everywhere. Let us use this power of looking through and beyond our present conditions, believing that the light shines and the song-bird will sing at our persistent bidding.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

The Annals of the "General Improvement Club"—Some Hints.

In a certain neighborhood there live a number of women who would like to form a society for self-improvement this winter, but, alas, they cannot agree on what particular line they shall work. Some of them desire to form a cooking class; some think that the time would be better spent in learning fancy work and plain sewing; others are ambitious to study parliamentary rules and usages, while the others think that nothing would be worth the time spent, except a course of study upon some especial subject.

Now what is to prevent these women from uniting in all of these particulars and forming a General Information Society.

Those who preferred to sew or do fancy work could be entertained by reading by some of the literary ladies, and those who prefer cooking could arrange to furnish the refreshments at each meeting. All could unite in enjoying this part of the programme and a knowledge of the common laws for conducting meetings of various kinds, as well as an interest in good literature, would be gained by all. As a variety of food is necessary to suit all tastes so a variety of reading matter could be provided to interest all, the "plain sewing" and fancy work would be accomplished and an afternoon each week could be spent very pleasantly and profitably by all.

My housekeeping friend moved into a new neighborhood last fall, and after the house was "settled," the fall sewing done up, and the children well started in at school, she began to think up ways and means for benefiting herself and her neighbors during the winter months.

Speaking of the matter one day to a caller, the latter looked dubious: "There's no use trying to have a club of any sort in this neighborhood," she said. "It isn't that there are not enough intelligent women here to form one, but their tastes run in such opposite directions that it is difficult to arrange a programme that will suit them all. There are a few who love dearly to read, but if you pick those out and leave the others there will be hard feelings, and it is just impossible to have any sort of organized study when the leader is continually interrupted by desultory remarks concerning cooking and fancy work, as was the case a year ago, when we undertook to have a reading club."

In spite of this discouragement my friend went on planning, and when her plans were matured she invited a couple of dozen of ladies, including old, middle-aged and young ones, to meet at her home one afternoon. After they were assembled she "polled the meeting" to get at the popular sentiments and found them to be divided into three nearly equal parties. One division thought a couple of hours each week devoted to making pretty things for Christmas and enlivened by social chat would be well spent. Another, consisting chiefly of young housekeepers, were in favor of a cooking club, claiming that to be the science in which they most needed practice and the benefit of each other's experience, while the third party voted for a systematic course of study.

Accordingly, my friend suggested that three clubs be formed instead of one, each to have a weekly meeting taking up the work they liked best; a "union" meeting to be held every fourth week where they might all enjoy the benefit of the month's experience.

The plan suited admirably; a leader was chosen for each club, and the fourth week they met again at my friend's home. An alcove off the parlor contained the dainty bits of fancy work manufactured during the month, and these were admired and praised to the entire satisfaction of the makers before the regular programme began. This was in charge of the literary club, and consisted of selections of prose and poetry from the writer whose works they had been studying. As a pleasant finale to the meeting refreshments were served provided entirely by the young women forming the "cook's division" of this General Improvement Society.

That the venture succeeded is proven by the fact that the meetings were held with unabated enthusiasm throughout the winter, and regretfully given up when spring duties made them impracticable.

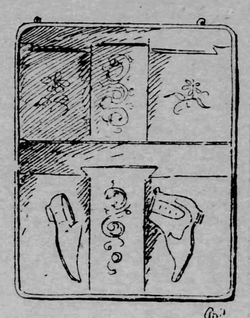
This year a "musical division" has been added, which promises to be a very pleasant feature in the union meetings. Perhaps some of the Householders who live in "mixed neighborhoods" may like to try the plan for themselves. If they do and it proves successful I hope they will tell us about it some day.

"EVERY BAG HAS ITS DAY."

A Choice Collection of These Conveniences.

A Pretty Shoe Bag.

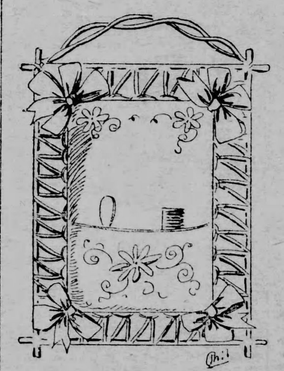
For the back, take a piece of brown linen, 28 inches long and 26 inches wide. For the bags two pieces, 10 inches by 41 inches will be needed. Fold these strips lengthwise into three parts, creasing firmly to make the divisions, and in the center of each work a pretty design in outline stitch with red cotton. Bind each strip on the upper edge with red worsted braid,



and fasten them in place, dividing the compartments by means of two rows of machine stitching; laying a pleat in the center of each bag, fastening the upper row at the bottom with a strip of the braid. The lower edge of the other strip is bound to the foundation, the binding extending entirely around the case. Two small brass rings sewed to the upper edge serve to suspend the case.

Comb and Brush Bag.

Another member of this "Bunch of Bags" is made thusly: For the back take a piece of linen 19 inches long and 11 inches wide; work a scroll of red across the top, stiffen with buckram or heavy brown paper and line with silesia. For the bag, take a piece of the linen 9 inches deep and 11 inches long, ornament this also with the red out-lining, line it with oil silk, bind it across the top with red ribbon and sew it to the back of the case. With a heavy steel needle and linen colored thread crochet a row of loops around the case, 7 chain stitches caught into the linen at half inch intervals with a double crochet stitch. Now take four round smooth sticks of the right length to contain this panel, allowing one and



one-half inches of margin all around. Tie the sticks firmly at the corners, giving the fastenings a liberal coating of glue. When this is dry, paint, varnish or gild the frame, and fasten the panel directly in the center of it with baby-ribbon, matching the embroidery in color, passed through the loops in the edge of the linen, and around the sticks forming the frame. A twisted suspension ribbon, and bows of wider ribbon at the corners finishes this bag.

Laundry Bag.

This is really a "companion piece" to the shoe bag, being made of brown linen and decorated with appropriate designs in outline stitch. It may be made in one piece doubled at the bottom and top, or in two pieces. In the latter case, the piece intended for the

sack should be nearly one-half as long again as the front, the extra length being folded over like a flap. This is finished with a binding of red braid, with which the two parts of the bag are securely bound together, a couple of brass rings serving here also to hang the bag in its place.

School Bag.

This needs little explanation. It is made of navy-blue canvas cloth, the

design being braided with scarlet, silk braid. The bag is lined with silesia, faced at the top with scarlet silk, shirred for draw-strings of silk cord.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

The Prize Letter and Some That Very Nearly Gained the Prize.

From twenty-five states came a response to the question of the effect a broader education would have upon the efficiency of woman in her home duties. From Kansas, where women are privileged to vote and to hold public offices, where a knowledge of outside affairs is absolutely necessary, there came fourteen letters, from women who, having had practical illustrations of the result, are all in favor of acquiring all knowledge of current events possible. As stated last week, it was very difficult to choose from so many that were good, one that was the best, but after considering everything, the prize was awarded to Mrs. Willa Harrison, of Illinois. The six letters that were next in order of merit were written by "Mrs. Electa Sowers," "Laura Golden," "Nellie S. Carpenter," Alice W. George," "Jennie V. Barrows," "M. B. Lowe." These, and all others that have been received, will be given in the Household as fully as space will permit. The editor again thanks all who have expressed an opinion on this subject, and hopes that they, and many others, will let her hear from them on the story just commenced in The Blade.

The Question.

"Is Woman's Efficiency in the Home Increased or Diminished by a Knowledge of and Interest in the Topics of the Day, Which Were Formerly Considered as Belonging to Man's Province Alone?"

While the first and highest duty of the woman who is a wife and mother is in the home, it is conducive to her usefulness there that her interest should not be limited to her family and domestic affairs. Outside happenings have a bearing on our private affairs, and an understanding of the doings of the world, the tracing of cause and effect in public matters often helps to a comprehension of proper economy and government in the home. When we understand one thing thoroughly, it helps us to something else. One isolated fact is a soulless thing, but associate others with it, and it becomes pregnant with life. This is a universal maxim, and why should it not apply to the knowledge needed by woman in the home? The more understandingly any work is performed, the more efficacious such service becomes. The woman who watches the advertisements and reads of new inventions learns of methods by which she can lighten labor. If she studies the principles of chemistry and hygiene, she can serve nutritious food and give rational care to the health of her family; and if she has political inclinations, she may observe the various modes and phases of government in the great world, and mark how the effect of similar measures is mirrored in the little work of home. It is surely a gain for a housekeeper to even know what has so increased the price of sugar, that she may, through her husband and book, use her influence for the best interests of her country.

If the family circumstances are comfortable, it seldom seems wise for a woman to attempt any regular business away from her home, where there is work in plenty for her hands that no other can do as well as herself. But because she does not go forth to earn her bread, there is no reason why she should forego all part in the world's great work. Let us all be progressive women—full of the earnest spirit of our time; able to fill our place in home and neighborhood so the world will be the better for our having lived; and able also to train our children for the higher place they will occupy with the coming generation.—Mrs. Willa Harrison.

H. G. M. writes such a comforting letter to the editor that, in spite of her request that it be "not published," we give an extract from it. The editor can not but be gratified to know that anything she has written has helped even one person. But, after all, Captain Cuttle's remark that "The bearings of an observation lays in the application of it," will apply to nearly every thing, and is the "application" that this, and all good women make of what they read, that help them most.

"I'm a farmer's wife and have five small children, so you see that my sphere is limited principally to the home nest, and a great many women think that is a very narrow sphere. I know that many of its duties are monotonous, but upon their wise performance depends the health and happiness of the nation, so I think it is a very broad sphere to work in; but nevertheless, a great many women lead very narrow lives. I think that you are doing a noble work in your 'Home Talks.' I believe that I'm a better woman for reading them, as I'm led to see my duties and responsibilities in my family and friends plainer. I think that you may feel rewarded in knowing that you are helping to broaden and elevate so many lives. I am writing this with a baby in my arms, so please excuse any mistakes.—H. G. M."

Another Winter Bloomer.

The Mexican primrose produces dainty pink fairy blossoms the year round when properly managed. It is the best winter blooming plant I know. Give it the north window and enough water to keep the soil damp, allowing it to dry out occasionally. Give this charming bloomer a small pot and it will produce hundreds of flowers without one day of sunlight. Don't pick off the flowers for every chance caller, and leave the old flower stalks alone, as new flower stalks start out from them. Don't allow water to touch the leaves or flowers as it rots them.

If you have a Mexican primrose and a pot of maiden hair fern in your north window, you need not sigh for orchids and tea roses, for nothing could more please the eye than these charming pink blossoms in company with that delicate and lovely fern. In dreary days when the sight of "green things growing" lend a brightness that nothing else can give.—Primrose.

QUESTION DRAWER.

Inquiries and Answers by Householders.

Miss Prudence, the Merry-Go-Round chaperone, has handed this inquiry to the Household editor for an answer—not but what Miss Prudence could answer it, but she is so very busy this week with her preparations for the M. G. R. tour.

Is it proper for the young man to write the first letter to the lady with whom he wishes to correspond?—Blue Eyes.

If the young man has first obtained the consent of the lady's parents to a correspondence he should write the first letter, otherwise he should not write to her at all.—Ed.

Will some one tell me how to wash my red-bordered table-cloths and napkins so they will not fade or look dingy?—Housewife.

I washed a cashmere dress and when I tried to iron it the wrinkles would not come out with any amount of pressing. Can any one tell me what to do to remove them?—Lydia.

Will some one send directions for making lee wool square shawls with herring bone, or ring, borders; it is the pretty border I want in particular —Flora.

Who wrote "Bernie's White Chicken?" Will some one tell me.—Clella Quinte.

Will some one give a recipe for making cheese?—Farmer's Wife.

Will some one send directions for crocheting a baby's hood of silk and how much it will take?—Mrs. E. H. W.

Answers.

Economizer:—To make white soap with tallow use this recipe: Two lbs. each fresh lime, sal soda and tallow; dissolve the sal soda in a gallon of water; add the lime and let it stand three hours, then pour off the water carefully and boil with the tallow and perfume with oil; if wanted mold.

Or for yellow soap, this: Six gallons of soft water, boil and add 6 lbs. of fresh lime and 20 lbs. of sal soda; let this dissolve, then add 4 oz. of borax, and when it is dissolved add 15 lbs. of tallow, 10 lbs. of pulverized rosin and 4 oz. of beeswax. Boil until it shows flaky on a stick. During the entire operation the kettle is to remain over the fire and be stirred frequently. Mold or pour in shallow pans and mark into bars before quite cold. Tallow is just the thing for soap.—Ruth Evans.

"Violet," a pretty way for a young girl to dress her hair is to wave the sides, part it on top and plait the loosely down the back and pull the end up through the plait at the back of neck, or where you began the plait, and fasten it at the crown with a bow of ribbon, putting another bow where it passes through plait.—Flora Stevens.

KITCHEN CULTURE.

What the Cook Has to Say to the Household.

Aunt Lib sends to W. E. A. the following recipe for onion and tomato pickles:

W. E. A.—Do not cook the onions but slice them. Have ready a teakettle full of boiling water which pour on the onions, and at once turn off again. Then pour cold water on them to cool them and they are ready for use. Onions treated in this way and seasoned with salt, a little sugar and vinegar make a very appetizing salad.—Aunt Lib.

And "A New Comer" sends one that reads as if it might be very good:

Take equal parts of green tomatoes and onions, slice rather thin, one head of cauliflower cut in small pieces, mix well with two cupfuls of salt; let stand three hours, then put in a coarse cloth sack and hang up to drain over night. The next day rinse well in clear water and let drain the second night till the water is all out, then you are ready for your pickle. Take one gallon good vinegar, one-eighth pound mixed spices and two cupfuls brown sugar; pour on the pickle and cook for about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally so all may be cooked alike. green cucumbers sliced and whole green beans are very nice to add to the above.—A New Comer.

And now to go from sour to sweet here is a recipe asked for by a blushing damsel, who, without doubt, expects to use it for her own wedding.

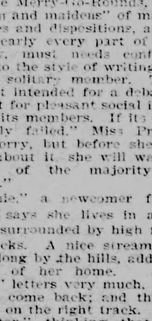
Wedding Cake.

Stir to a cream 3 lbs. of butter and 3 lbs. of sugar; beat separately, 15 eggs and add them to the butter and sugar; stir into this 2 lbs. of flour then 1 oz. each of nutmeg and cinnamon, 1-2 oz. of cloves, 1 lb. of citron cut in thin pieces, the grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, 1-2 gill rosewater, 6 lbs. of currants and 6 lbs. of chopped raisins mixed with 1 lb. of flour and 3 tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in 3 cakes for 3 hours. Brown sugar is preferred to white in this cake. This is warranted to be good, and will be just as good, or better, if kept till the "silver wedding" is celebrated.

DESIGNS FOR BADGES.

Two More Presented for the Merry-Go-Rounds Approval.

To-day Miss Prudence presents two more designs made by The Blade artist from suggestions sent in by members of the Merry-Go-Rounds. As said last week these designs only give



an idea in a general way of what they would be worked out in silver, but it is desirable to know which is liked best by the majority. Look at them carefully and make up your minds, so that the result may be quickly reached. Possibly one more may be given.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

A "Mal-Content" Enters the Circle—A Pleasant Time.

"Philosopher" came into the circle in a belligerent frame of mind this morning. Apparently the "stone" he has searched for so long has been mislaid, for he certainly acted as if he lacked something. He began by saying that, as he understood the object of the Merry-Go-Rounds, it had signally failed in attaining the desired end; the correspondence having been dry and desultory, and the subjects taken up, while interesting enough in themselves, by reason of their never being "finished to an entirety," were in a majority of cases, flat and insipid! He says that one of our best thinkers (Carl) was constrained by harsh criticism for a little honest thought, to leave the circle in disgust, and hereby invites him to come back. He objects to all "noms," and calls upon the members to "establish a line of study, and stop all these valueless letters, or disintegration will soon begin."

Now, then, "Philosopher," it seems to Miss Prudence that you are a little bit like the gentleman we have all read about, who, having an iron bedstead that he considered about the right thing for length, insisted on his guests conforming to it, cutting off their legs in case they were too long, or stretching them by a simple but somewhat painful proceedure in case they were too short. Because you have, you say, a taste for fifteen minute orations, it does not follow that the Merry-Go-Rounds, consisting of "men and maidens" of many different ages and dispositions, and coming from nearly every part of our great country, must needs confine themselves to the style of writing preferred by one solitary member. This circle was not intended for a debating society, but for pleasant social intercourse among its members. If it offers has "signally failed," Miss Prudence is truly sorry, but before she feels too badly about it, she will wait for the verdict of the majority of her "wards."

"Jennie," a newcomer from Wisconsin, says she lives in a pleasant valley, surrounded by high forest-covered rocks. A nice stream of water flows along by the hills, adding to the beauty of her home. She liked "Carl's" letters very much, and hopes he will come back; and thinks "Edwin" is on the right track.

"Doctor," thinking that even in so healthful a circle as this, a "medical man" will not be amiss, comes in to tell us that he lives on a farm among the River Hills or Knobs of Southern Indiana. His favorite authors are Wallace, Hawthorne, and O. W. Holmes, and while he declines to describe his "ideal," he thinks he could find her among the Merry-Go-Rounds. He does not believe in woman's suffrage, saying: "As the 'Home is the Heart of the World,' I hope in the name of all that is good that nothing will be legally thrown into its midst that would tend to create strife and enmity." He invites correspondence from other members disagreeing with him on this subject.

"Elfa" writes: "I will give a word of advice for both sexes; be perfectly natural and honest with each other; hesitate long, and believe just a little of what others may say of your companions. If you don't find your other half, your 'ideal,' remain single."

"Capt. Nemo" thinks, since some of the world's best writers have used fictitious names, there is no reason why the Merry-Go-Rounds should hesitate to do so. As to changing the circle's name he says; "I am always loth to exchange the old for the new." He agrees that a weekly roll call would be nice, but Miss Prudence thinks that neither he nor "Trew Blew" realize the space such a "roll call" would occupy in the already crowded columns of The Blade. It was quite right to send both communications in the same envelope, Capt. The "Sorting Editor" knows where they all belong.

"Fleur de Lis" surrenders to "Our Bessie," whose design for the badge she thinks excels her own, and which she hopes will soon be adopted. She says she especially enjoys the letters from "Tamarack," "Brown Eyes," and "Mother's Boy," and would like to know what has become of our "Iowa Girl." Of "The Twins" she says: "Do you live in South Dakota? I may be mistaken, but I think you are friends of mine. If you are not, I wish you were."

"Blue Eyes" the second agrees with "Trew Blew" in having "Labor Omnia Vincit" for a motto, is particularly fond of Miss Alcott's writings, and would like to correspond. Your question is answered in another department of to-day's Blade.—"Blue Eyes No. 2."

"Juneberry" hopes that "Cari" will go with us on the European trip, which she thinks will be splendid. She thinks "Fleur-de-lis's" suggestion for a badge is "lovely," and is in favor of women's suffrage, claiming that her sex can handle the ballot as well, if not better than men. She would like to correspond with some one of her own age, fourteen years.

"Constancy" writes a pleasant letter concerning the tour, hoping that the Merry-Go-Rounds will enjoy it, and suggesting various places of interest for them to visit.

"Clella Quinte" does not agree with "Trew Blew" in thinking that real names should be signed. She says: "Our 'noms' form one of the most interesting features of our column, and are much prettier than a collection of Joness, Browns, and Smiths would be. As to changing the name of our circle, I do not think a prettier name, or one that signified our intentions so well, could be found. I do agree with him, however, in the plan of organizing a club from our circle."

"Sunbeam," while agreeing with "Trew Blew" in his desire to revolutionize the Merry-Go-Rounds, is in favor of "noms," and prefers in place of a Latin motto, a plain American-English one.

"Roxie" thinks real names preferable to "noms," and suggests that "Trew Blew" follow his own advice. She hopes that "Red Cloud" will come again and tell us something about the Indians among whom he lives, and assures "Carl" that his memory is still green.

"Mountain Bay" comes from the mountainous state of West Virginia, which he describes as a very pleasant and healthful locality. He says concerning "Morning Star's" recent question: "As to the question of the Bible being a novel, I do not believe such a theory, and do not think there is a sufficient number of believers in it to make it necessary to argue the subject. While I see no harm in "Trew Blew's' suggestions, I can see no special good in them, though, of course, some one else may see it, if I do not. I would just say that a reformer should always practice what he preaches, so let him sign his own name next time. 'U-No-Hoo,' I love to read your letters, so come again.—Mountain Boy."

In response to that invitation "U-No-Hoo" bobbed up serenely from a quiet corner to say that he agrees with "Trew Blew" concerning the improvements needed in the Circle, and asks what is the matter with "Merry Mae's" young man? She says he is one that does the best that he can, surely no one can do more. He is in favor of women's suffrage to a "certain extent," and will take in the Tour, expressing a desire to visit the scene of the Chinese-Japanese war. He asks the M. G. R's. to give their opinion of that war—expressing himself as being on the side of the Japanese.

"Muriel Wyld" having promised to be "real good," was granted admittance to the circle, and inquired first of all how many of the members like music. She thinks that "changing the name, will not be likely to change the matter" of the Merry-Go-Rounds, and that the use of "noms" should be left to individual preference.

"Egypt" thinks a better name might be found for our Circle, and suggests as we are about to go on a journey, that "Toledo Pilgrims" would be a good title. Miss Prudence would answer that by putting Blade in the place of Toledo—as the party for the Tour are not to meet here, but in New York City. "Egypt" likes Excelsior for a motto, and wishes to have a special grudge against "Labor Omnia Vincit." Being a college girl herself, and used to suggestions from young collegians, she confesses that she does not stand in much awe of them. She is a grey-eyed, black-haired daughter (in the third generation) of Erin, and is much interested in all things pertaining to the Green Isle. Your letter was addressed correctly. "Egypt," write again.

"Lydia," the Tour is to include only the principal cities of the Eastern Continent, and judging from the route laid out, will be comprehensive and entertaining. "Carl's" letter, of which so much has been said, relates to his ideal woman, whom he put at so high a standard that many of the girls claimed such a piece of perfection never had, and never would be found. Miss Prudence agrees with you that there has been quite enough said about him.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I wish to say that "Polly Allen" voiced my desire when she suggested that the badge be chosen as soon as possible; and I think either the design sent by "Fleur-de-lis" or by "Little Blue Bell," would be very pretty. "Nil," I am sorry my favorite cakes were abominable to you, and shall certainly consult your taste before asking you to partake of refreshments with me again. Did that luncheon bring on indigestion, "Jack," which resulted fatally? You have not put in an appearance since. Hardly a week passes but "Carl" receives an invitation to return; between you and me, girls, I believe that was precisely what he was angling for, when he announced his intention to return no more. I fancy should you let him severely alone for awhile, you would soon have him back, and if not, are there not other boys who write as pleasant letters as he did? I wonder if it is worth while to say that I should like an Eastern correspondent about my own age, twenty years?—Susie.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—The first flower that smiles at us in the spring is the well-known crocus; it shoots up from the cold, wet ground almost before the snow is gone, and blooms in great profusion. It is followed closely by a sweetly perfumed flower called the blue-bell, a name which exactly describes its deep blue color and bell shape. May brings us the pretty wild geraniums, which are invariably pink, with white markings, and give forth a very sweet perfume. Besides these, we have primroses, and two other flowers whose names I do not know; one a large pink blossom resembling the lilac; the other a cream-colored flower which grows on the hills. We also have two varieties of cactus, one with a deep red, and the other with a rich yellow blossom, blooming profusely in the latter part of May and first of June. July is the month of roses; on the hills in the valleys; red and white and pink roses, making the ground in some places a compact blaze of color. They eclipse everything in the floral kingdom at this season, though daisies, wild morning glories and prairie lilacs make all the show they can. August and September bring the golden rod and wild sun-flower, that continue to bloom until cut down by that grim reaper, Jack Frost, who gives us flowers of his own manufacture until spring comes again.—R. H. Lea, South Dakota.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day:
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney in Harper's.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DID NOT LIKE TO THREAD NEEDLES.

Grandma was sitting by the window mending Bobby's pants; Allie was building houses with her blocks upon the floor.

"Come, Allie," said grandma, "you'll have to thread my needle."

Allie got up rather reluctantly, and, casting a lingering glance at a half-erected castle, walked slowly toward the window.

"It's too bad to disturb you, dear," said grandma kindly, "but little Bobby's pants must be mended, and grandma can't see as well as she could when her eyes were young and bright, like yours."

Allie took the needle and threaded it in silence, and went back to her play. The castle was building beautifully. All that was needed were just those romantic-looking turrets on top, when snap, went something a few feet off. Allie started. It was grandma's thread. The dear old lady was too thrifty to cut off the broken piece so she drew the bit that was in her needle into a fragment of cloth and called out:

"Come, Allie, I've got to trouble you again. This is miserable thread."

"'Mizable thread,' thought Allie, "I should think it was! I guess grandma don't know how I want to finish my castle."

It took only a few minutes to sew up the short bit, and Allie, whose attention had been attracted by something out of the window, was still standing by grandma's knee, when she presented the needle for the third time. Poor Allie took it with a sigh, and twisted the thread rather spitefully between her plump little fingers. But the thread didn't seem to mind it, and neither did grandma, who sympathized with the little girl's annoyances more than she knew. It is a trial to the aged to be obliged to trouble small people with their wants, quite as much as it is for the small people to attend to them.

Allie went back to her play once more; but the turrets had grown perverse, somehow, and refused to go on, to her mind. There was a fault in her architecture somewhere. It didn't look as romantic as she expected, and she placed and replaced, and grew so absorbed in her work that she had quite forgotten all about the tiresome needle, when dear, old grandma, who looked, sitting there in the vine-wreathed window, like a picture of Industry in a frame, called out:

"It's too bad, Allie, but my thread has broken again, and you'll have to come and help me."

I am sorry to say it, but Allie was very much vexed. She had just reached a critical point in her building, and was deeply interested. But she had always been trained to "start quick," and she started quickly now, so quickly in fact, that in her haste her apron brushed against the unsatisfactory turrets, and away the castle went, like my castles in the air before, in a heap of ruins to the ground. Allie was always respectful, especially to grandma, and she did not say anything impatient, as some children might have done, but she gave the pile of blocks a revengeful little kick, and when she took the needle out of grandma's hand, she found it difficult to see the eye on account of the tears in her own.

"I wish grandma wouldn't always be sewing, and wanting me to thread her needles, and making me spoil castles," she thought to herself; and then she said aloud:

"Ain't you almost tired of sewing, grandma? wouldn't you like to take a little nap?"

"No," said grandma, smiling to herself just the least bit in the world.

"Well, I am," said Allie; "I am going to lie down on the lounge and go to sleep; and don't you let anybody disturb me."

"No, I won't," said grandma, "not even to thread needles."

So Allie lay down and turned her face to the back of the lounge, and shut her pretty blue eyes. When she opened them again, she found herself in quite a different place. She was on her feet, and walking through the principal street of a small village; a narrow street, it was, paved with exceedingly sharp-pointed stones. On each side were very high houses with peaked gables, and heavy stone door and window frames, around which twined a climbing vine, carved out of the stone, and looking like a trifled ivy. In each doorway sat a little old woman, in a great mob cap with enormous bows of black ribbon perched a top, and as Allie hurried along, they all neered after her with small, twinkling, black eyes, so sharp that they seemed to pierce her through and through, like needles. Poor Allie felt very uncomfortable. She did not know in the least where she was, nor how she got there, nor where she was going; and she began to suspect, from the severe aspect of the old women, that she was not very welcome. Suddenly, without the least warning, a voice screamed in her ear, in such cutting tones that she felt as if she had been beheaded at a blow. "Come with me!" and she saw a little woman, precisely like all the others, come hobbling up from behind her, with the aid of a pointed stick.

"Come with me!" said the beldame, "I'll show you what is good for little girls who don't like to thread needles."

As she kept pushing her along before her, Allie had no resource but to go as she was bid; so they traveled along very quickly over the sharp stones, till they came to the open country. Then Allie saw before her a wide river, shining in the sunshine like the face of a looking glass, a great, rose-colored mountain, that seemed to reach almost to the sky, and what appeared to be a quarry of snow-white marble.

"There," said the old woman "that's your stint. The river is needles; the mountain is a pin cushion; and the quarry is filled with spools of thread. You have got to put all that thread in those needles, and stick them on the cushion. When it is done, I'll think about your case again."

"Oh, I can't," said Allie; "I never could do it in the world. It would take me a hundred years."

"I can't help how long it takes you," said the old woman. "Go to work!" Then she hobbled off again.

Allie sat down on the ground and cried till she was tired; but as nobody came to rescue her, she thought she might as well begin. She picked up a needle, and took as long a thread as she could, and stuck it on the mountain cushion. Then another and another, till she had quite a little cascade on one side. But the river didn't seem to lower any, and she was getting dreadfully tired as well as hungry.

"I never can do it, never. Oh, I wish I hadn't ever come here," she wailed. Then she set at work again, and toiled away for another half hour.

"I won't!" said she, all at once, with a burst of angry determination, "I won't thread any more needles. I'll just run away."

She turned to run, but made a misstep, tumbled off the river bank with a crash, and found herself on the sitting-room carpet, with smarting elbows, and grandma's kindly face bending over her.

"What was it, dear? What frightened you? What did you say about needles?"

"Oh, grandma," said she, burying her face in the bosom that always followed her head so gently, "I've had a dreadful dream. I'll never do so any more. I'll always be willing to thread your needles, as long as I live."

IVORY IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
FORTY MILLION CAKES YEARLY.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

BABY COURTSHIP.

Merry little Charlie, sitting in the door,
Curly-headed Minnie, aged only four;
Six bits of china, one bit of stone,
Happy little creatures, leave them alone.
"When I am a big man," I hear Charlie say,
"You shall be my wife, Minnie, won't you, some day?"
Darling little Minnie straightens out her dress,
Smooths down her golden curls, stately as Queen Bess,
Lisps her childish answer, full of mirth and joy:
"Yes; I like you, Charlie, best of any boy;
And if you'll take mamma, I'll be your little wife,
And stay with you always, all my long life."

—Exchange.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was an eminent musical composer, born at Eutin, in Holstein, December 18, 1786. At the age of 13 he composed his first opera, others following in 1804-1806-1807. From 1813 to 1816 he was director of the Opera at Prague. In 1817 he was invited to form a German Opera at Dresden, and there during the remainder of his life, he held the post of Kappel-meister to the King of Saxony. To this period his most important compositions belong. He was found dead in his bed on June 5, 1826 at the house of Sir George Smart, in London. He was interred in the Roman Catholic church, Moorfields, but in 1844 his body was removed to Dresden, where a statue of him was erected in 1860, in front of the theater. He was married in 1818 to an operatic singer of some note, by whom he left a family.

"MARK TAPLEY."

2.—WORD SQUARE.

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1. A cereal.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

GHERARDI WILL RETIRE.

The Hardy Old Admiral Completes His Service.

New York, Nov. 3.—One week from to-day will occur the retirement of Rear Admiral Gherardi from the navy. He is now in command of the New York navy yard, and it is expected that Secretary Herbert will issue the order detailing his successor simultaneously with several other important changes. All indications point to

BANCROFT GHERARDI.

the assignment of Rear Admiral Walker to the command of the New York navy yard, although a rumor is again current that he is waiting for Rear Admiral Greer's place on the Light House board, which becomes vacant by the latter's resignation in February next. Gossips around the navy department are so certain that Rear Admiral Walker will be given command of the New York yard that no other name is mentioned.

Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi is now the senior officer on the active list of the United States navy, and is credited in the official register with 25 years of sea service, while his "shore duty" has comprised almost every variety of employment which can fall to the lot of a naval officer. He is the nephew of the eminent historian, George Bancroft, who was the secretary of the navy to whom the United States Naval Academy is indebted for its existence more than any other person. Admiral Gherardi was born in Louisiana, November 10, 1832, but was appointed from Massachusetts in June, 1846. He made a cruise of nearly four years in-line-of-battle ship, "Ohio," during the Mexican war, and afterward. He then served in the Saranac of the home squadron, and after a course at the United States Naval Academy became passed midshipman in 1852. After a cruise in the Mediterranean, he was promoted master 1855. He next served in the Saratoga home squadron, the Boston rendezvous, and the steam sloop Lancaster in the Pacific. He was made lieutenant commander in 1862, and attached to the South Atlantic blockading squadron. In an engagement with Fort Macon in 1862 steam sloop Mohican; on special service in 1863. He was then ordered to the West Gulf blockading squadron in which he commanded the Chocuro and the Port Royal; he took part in the battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864, in the latter vessel.

He next commanded the Pequot in the North Atlantic squadron, until the close of the war. He was commissioned commander, July 25, 1866, and was stationed at Philadelphia as the naval representative and the navy yard until 1870. He then took command of the Jamestown in the Pacific, and of the receiving ship Independence at Mare Island after leaving the Jamestown.

He was commissioned captain in November, 1874, and commanded the flag ship Pensacola. In 1884, during his leave of absence he was promoted to commodore. In 1884-1885 he served on the board of examiners for promotion. His promotion as rear admiral dates from August, 1887, when he was ordered to command the navy yard at New York. In 1889 he was ordered to the command of the North Pacific station. He had charge of the grand naval review at Hampton Roads and New York in April, 1893.

CLEVELAND WILL ORDER BONDS.

Something Must be Done to Fill the Treasury.

New York, Nov. 3.—An opinion has been growing in Wall street during the last few days that a marked and important change in the policy of the administration may be inaugurated before the year is out. It is that President Cleveland will forsake his entire allegiance to the cause of tariff reform, and devote a large part of his attention to the unfortunate condition of the nation's finances. Several indications have pointed to the possibility of this programme. It has been rumored among bank officials that Mr. E. C. Benedict, the personal friend of the President, who is a prominent figure in the street, has been quietly sounding leading financiers upon their belief as to what should be done to rehabilitate the Treasury, and put it in a sound condition.

A very influential banker said yesterday: "Mr. Cleveland has decided that tariff reform has very slight chances with the coming Congress. Republican Representatives will replace Democrats in every section of the North. The administration can order a five per cent bond issue in any case. Then, again, the President is weary of Carlisle's policy. President Cleveland has learned that financiers and business men of every kind, regardless of party, are almost a unit in believing that a bond issue this winter is absolutely necessary. The Treasury's income continues to fail, and the gold reserve, now below $60,000,000, is daily threatened with exports of the yellow metal."

ANTI-TOXIN REMEDY TRIED.

One Case Lost, Another Well on the Way to Recovery.

Philadelphia, Nov. 2.—The anti-Toxin remedy for diphtheria, known as "Diphtherine," has been tried in two cases in this city. Ten tiny vials of the serum were received last Friday by German Vice Consul Chas. H. Meyer, from Prof. Behring, of Berlin, and at once turned over to the German hospital. The first case tested was that of Jessie Hankey, a girl 2 1-2 years old, living at Mount Airy. On Tuesday afternoon the contents or one of the vials, a full dose was injected into the girl's arm with an aspirating needle. The injected serum was well absorbed, but the disease had obtained too strong a hold on the child's system for relief, and the patient died Tuesday night. The physicians interested in the case claim, however, that it was not a fair test, as the patient was already in a hopeless condition when the remedy was applied.

The other case was that of a little girl who had been subjected to diphtheritic infection from the child who died. A smaller dose was injected into the child's arm, and up to last night she had developed no symptoms of the disease.

A POLICE CAPTAIN EXONERATED.

An Ex-Mayor Was Exposed by the Governor.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 1.—The investigation before the police commissioners of Chief of Police Rogers on charges preferred by John Collins, proprietor of the Seattle Daily Telegraph, ended today, and Chief Rogers was exonerated of taking bribes or receiving money from gamblers, but ex-Mayor Harry White was exposed by Governor John H. McGraw as having resigned to avoid the publication of charges that he owned an interest in a gambling game while mayor, of accepting bribes from gamblers in lieu of police protection.

While White himself confessed on the stand that he allowed the ordinances to be violated and dodged, he should have been impeached, then and there.

CORRUPT NEW YORK POLICE.

Some Stories Told by Mrs. Matilda Herman.

New York, Nov. 3.—Mrs. Matilda Herman, whose coming has been under circumstances calculated to raise expectation to a high pitch concerning the testimony she was to lay before the Lexow committee, was placed upon the witness stand when the investigators of police methods assembled yesterday. But before she was sworn Street Cleaning Commissioner Andrews, who was accused in testimony yesterday of receiving a $500 bribe while an excise commissioner demanded an examination. His demand was noted on the record, but Mr. Goff said he was not prepared to go on with the examination.

Then Mrs. Herman was sworn. She came to New York in 1882, she said and opened a disorderly house on West Third street.

"I had some twenty odd girls there," she said.

"Did you have a 17-year-old niece whom you brought from France?"

"Yes, but she was a good girl, and I tried to keep her so. I kept her away from the house. Her parents were at odds, and the girl's father not trusting the mother sent the girl to me. After a while the mother got her, and took her to a disorderly house she was keeping, where she was ruined. I threatened to make trouble for her mother, but Capt. Haughey told me I could not take the girl away from her mother. I begged him to take her from her mother's house. The girl's mother was paying $15 a week for protection, and I offered to pay that $15 if the captain would take the girl away. The captain abused me, and threatened to give me five years in state's prison if I did not leave the mother alone. I then threatened to shoot the girl rather than see her live a life of shame."

The witness testified that she had had her sister's house raided, but when the case came up before Judge Hogan he shielded the captain and had her lawyer and herself charged with conspiracy. He has never given a decision in the case.

She said Capt. Brogan and Wardman Reynolds were in the precinct and that she paid $25 a month at first and afterwards $100.

The woman told how she rented the five houses at big rents because she intended them for immoral purposes.

"To open the house I paid Wardman Reynolds $150 and $30 a month. After three months he came personally and I gave him $30 for the captain and $5 for himself."

How much did you pay to open the second house?"

"Oh, $300, and $25 a month for protection."

Witness said policemen would stand before her door until they received a $20 bill to move on.

Mr. Goff said: "Now, there is a certain police captain whom you wish to protect?"

"Yes, sir," was the frank answer.

"You might as well tell the truth, because we know all the police officials' names," persuasively said Mr. Goff. The witness studied and was silent, but under urgent questioning adopted the time-worn excuse, "I don't remember."

"Did you know a policeman called 'The Pretty Boy'?"

The woman smiled, but did not answer.

Counsel Goff took up Tiffany's records and showed the witness where a watch had been bought and engraved with Policeman Cooney's name. The witness said she had no remembrance of having made such a purchase.

"Did you kiss Cooney at the Grand Central depot a few weeks ago?"

"No," said the woman, blushing furiously. Then she stamped her foot petulantly and said: "Mr. Goff, I don't want to tell anything."

"All right. We will take a recess," said Mr. Goff.

SHE WAS A PLUCKY WOMAN.

Mrs. James D. Scott at Denver Vanquishes Three Burglars.

Denver, Nov. 5.—Mrs. James D. Scott, wife of the proprietor of the Capital Turf Exchange, vanquished three burglars who broke into her house last night after a desperate fight in which she was seriously injured. One of the men was armed with a revolver, another with a slung shot and the third with a billy. With these weapons they rained blow after blow upon her head, arms and body, but she fought so energetically and raised such an outcry that they beat a retreat without taking any of the jewelry or other valuables lying about.

The battle lasted nearly ten minutes, but Mrs. Scott did not faint until her assailants had gone. An hour elapsed before she revived sufficiently to give an account of the affair. She is a handsome woman of 45, six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. She was alone in the house reading in bed when the burglars assaulted her.

TWO MORE OF THE COOK GANG

Have Been Run Down and Put in Jail by Citizens of Oklahoma.

Guthrie, O. T., Nov. 3.—Citizens of Cushing who have been hot on the chase of the Cook outlaws, brought into Stillwater last night and jailed Joseph Beck and Patsy R. Beck. Beck has been positively identified as one of the Red Rock train robbers and one of the gang who looted the Chandler bank in August.

The captured men came into Lincoln county on a horse stealing expedition to secure fresh mounts for the gang, and were recognized by two citizens of Cushing, who organized a large force of men and captured the outlaws after a running fight.

St. Louis, Nov. 3.—A special to the Republic from Claremore, I. T., says: Deputy Marshal Beard and a city policeman arrested a man by the name of Melville Galloway here last evening, supposed to be one of the Cook gang, and one of the men who figured in the hold-up of the Missouri Pacific station at this place some time ago.

WALSH AND BACON.

Two United States Senator Nominated in Georgia.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 2.—The Democratic caucus of the Georgia General Assembly nominated two United States Senators yesterday. The appointment of Senator Patrick Walsh by Gov. Northern, was unanimously confirmed by his election to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Colquitt. For the long term, beginning March 4, 1895, Hon. Augustus O. Bacon was nominated on the first ballot, he receiving 93 votes. Congressman Henry G. Turner received 37 votes, L. F. C. Garrard, 21 and Patrick Walsh 9 votes for the long term. The nomination of Major Bacon was then made unanimous.

The contest has been a very heated one ,and the candidates have been on the stump for the past few months. Of the four candidates, Bacon, Walsh and Garrard are recognized as silver

ALARMED AT CATHOLIC POWER.

Resolution to That Effect Adopted by a Baptist Convention.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 3.—The state Baptist convention in session at Lonoke last night unanimously adopted a resolution expressing alarm at the growing power of the Roman Catholic church over Congress and the federal government, and denouncing all legislation giving federal revenues in support of Roman Catholic or other sectarian schools.

SENSATION IN OKLAHOMA.

A Prominent Attorney Charged With Embezzlement.

Perry, O. T., Oct. 31.—Hon. G. H. Stewart, one of the most prominent attorneys in Oklahoma Territory, was arrested here yesterday on a warrant sworn out in Sabetha county, Kansas, charging him with embezzling $9,098. His friends swore out a writ of habeas corpus and it looks now as though the Kansas authorities will be unable to get him out of the territory.

Cranky, as Usual.

Salem, Ore., Nov. 2.—Governor Pennoyer yesterday issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation: "I hereby appoint the last Thursday of this month a thanksgiving holiday. In the day of prosperity be joyful but in day adversity consider—Ecclesiastes 7-14."

IS AFTER BLACKBURN.

Animus of Col. Breckinridge's Senatorial Aspirations.

Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 31.—The appearance of Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge in the lists as a nominal candidate to succeed Senator Blackburn is causing a commotion among the other candidates for the senatorial plum. Nobody seems to speak with sufficient authority from Colonel Breckinridge to declare him a candidate for the nomination, but the intimations of his friends are sufficiently broad to contain the inference that he is to be entered either with or without his consent.

It is hardly to be supposed that after so recent defeat in his own district, he could have even the slightest chance of the senatorship, and this naturally causes talk to the effect that Colonel Breckinridge will try to pay off some old scores to his enemies, and can best do that by allowing the use of his name as a candidate.

The friends of Senator Blackburn openly assert that Breckinridge is sore over the attitude of the senior senator in the late primary campaign, and that his enmity to Blackburn on that account prompts his talked-of entry as a senatorial competitor. The Breckinridge men, of course, deny this, and claim that their man will receive instructions from enough counties in Senator Blackburn's section to demonstrate that he is the favorite as against any of the candidates. They figure it out that Colonel Breckinridge could start in the race with not less than 25 votes,which would insure him an equal chance with the other candidates. Hon. Jack Harding, who has been nominated for the short term in Henry, with the understanding that he is to have no opposition for the long term, is said to have declared his preference for Colonel Breckinridge, and there is no doubt that the latter will also secure the votes of Owen, Bourbon, Fayette, Clark, Montgomery and Harrison counties. Carter and Elliott started a boom for him in the mountains by instructing for him, and their course will be duplicated by a half dozen surrounding counties.

The fact that all of Breckinridge's votes will come from Senator Blackburn's territory is causing general alarm among the Woodford county man's friends, and it is thought an attempt will be made by the latter to secure a conciliatory conference between the friends of each.

IT WAS IN CHICAGO.

Daring Robbery Committed in a Jewelry Store.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—A daring robbery was committed in the heart of the business center of the city yesterday afternoon. The amount of plunder secured is not exactly known, but was given as $6,000 in watches and other jewelry. Soon after 2 o'clock G. W. Brethauer, the senior member of the firm of Brethauer & Co., wholesale jewelers at No. 71 Washington street, left the office, leaving his son in charge.

The office of the firm is in room 1, on the first floor of the building. It is located in the southwest corner and in plain view of occupants of the office buildings round-about.

Young Brethauer says he was bending over a show case full of watches in the rear of the room, when two men entered the door. One of them carried a revolver in his hand and the other one was armed with a piece of lead pipe about two feet long. The jeweler was commanded to throw up his hands, which he was not slow in doing. The two men then ordered him into the vault, the door of which stood open. Brethauer demurred and one of the men, he says, caught him by the throat, threw him into the vault and pushed the door shut. The thieves then proceeded to ransack the show cases and scoop the watches into a gunny sack. The door of the safe stood open and the bandits emptied the cash box in it, abstracting a considerable sum of money.

All this required only a few moments and the men soon made their escape. The senior Brethauer returned about 3:30 and soon heard a sound of pounding on the vault door. The vault door was hastily opened and the imprisoned men taken out nearly exhausted. So far no trace of the thieves has been obtained.

TO MARRY A KING.

Is Miss Pullman Engaged to King Alexander?

New York, Nov. 1.—The Commercial Advertiser in its issue to-day says:

"King Alexander, of Servia, is asserted to be on the eve of marrying Miss Pullman, daughter of the American car-builder. Not only does the match constitute a topic of discussion in several capitals of Europe, but it has been published as an affair definitely settled in some of the most reliable Viennese, Berlin and Paris papers.

"Surprising though it may appear at first sight, there are fewer obstacles between the union of the American heiress and King Alexander than with Prince Isenberg Bierstein, for, whereas the prince is debarred by the statutes of his family—statutes that are recognized as valid by the courts of Vienna, Berlin and all the minor German capitals—from marrying any woman not his equal in birth and rank, there is no such impediment to prevent King Alexander of Servia from wedding the girl of his choice, be she peasant or princess. The Isenburgs were sovereigns for hundreds of years, and up to the beginning of the present century, although they are now no longer so. The King of Servia's ancestors, even in the early part of the present century, were illiterate swineherds, and although their descendant is a king, and recognized as such by the various foreign courts and governments, yet he is not hedged in with the same restraints and restrictions that surround those of his brother monarchs who have behind them a long line of royal predecessors."

A DENVER MYSTERY.

What Caused the Death of Marie Contassiot?

Denver, Oct. 31.—The autopsy in the case of Marie Contassiot, the French woman who was found apparently strangled to death early Sunday morning, leaves her death still a mystery. The coroner's jury can only decide whether she was murdered or not.

It is said there is a secret society on Market street known as "The Macquereaux," composed of Frenchmen who bring women from France, they agreeing to pay a percentage to the society. It is also said the members have banded themselves under the highstanding name of "Les Chevaliers D'Amour."

The police believe this organization is responsible for the death of Lena Tapper, who was strangled in nearly the same way as was Marie Contassiot, in the same vicinity, a short time ago.

Recently a woman came to the chief of police and asked to be protected against a lot of Frenchmen who were trying to drive her from the street. She said members of the Macquereaux were trying to persecute her because she refused to join their organization.

A MONUMENT TO GRANT.

San Franciscoans to Erect a Memorial to the Great General.

San Francisco, Nov. 3.—At last San Francisco is to have a monument to Gen. U. S. Grant. Although the Grant monument has been in existence since the death of the general, only a small fraction of the $100,000 desired was subscribed. The money collected would have been returned to the subscribers had not the subscription books been lost. Recently three members of the original committee decided to proceed with the erection of the monument, personally increasing the subscription to a suitable sum.

Rupert Schmidt, of San Francisco, is the only living sculptor who modeled Grant from life, having made a bust of the ex-president a few weeks prior to his death. This bust is now at the Grant tomb in Riverside Park. To Schmidt is entrusted the task of preparing a monument, and he has gone to New York to copy the bust at Riverside park. The monument will be of granite and bronze, and will be erected in Golden Gate park.

BIG FIRE IN OMAHA.

Damage to the Plant of the Hammond Packing Co.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 2.—Just as the men were going to work in the big beef house of the Hammond packing plant at South Omaha, at 7 o'clock this morning, flames were discovered in the second floor and quickly spread to the third and fourth floors. Just as soon as the fire was discovered the private fire department of the Hammonds started to fight the flames, but it was discovered that the pressure was so light that it would be impossible to accomplish anything. Word was at once sent to Omaha, and all the available apparatus was hurried to the scene, for as a high wind was blowing the fire threatened to spread to the house of Swift & Co. and the stock yards. All the efforts of the firemen were confined to keeping the fire from spreading, as there was no possible show of saving the big beef house, a four story structure, 200 by 200 feet, which originally cost $200,000 and was filled with valuable machinery and a large amount of beef. The efforts of the firemen to confine the flames to this house proved successful, but only at the cost of three lives. At 11 o'clock one of the walls of the burning building fell, and three firemen belonging to the private department of the packing company were buried under the tons of burning timber and red-hot brick.

At the Chicago office of the Hammond Company, it was stated that in the burned beef house 600 or more cattle were slaughtered daily, and as the place was well stocked to-day it was estimated that the loss on that building alone would amount to close to $500,000. The hog slaughtering house is but a short distance from the beef building with the other portions of the plant grouped about close together.

The insurance on the entire Hammond plant is placed at $1,500,000.

The killed:

JOHN STEELE.

HENRY PETERS.

Immediately after the wall fell the work of recovering the bodies of the two men were begun, but it was two hours before their remains were uncovered. When taken from the debris it was discovered that both men were still grasping the hose nozzle they were holding when their lives were crushed out. Steele was married only last Wednesday. Insurance on property destroyed amounts to $240,000, and the loss will almost be double of that month.

A DIABOLICAL CRIME.

Work of Human Devils in Paulding County.

Paulding, O., Nov. 5.—The most horrible crime ever committed in Paulding county occurred yesterday, and was discovered this morning. Two children, a boy and girl, were murdered and their bodies thrown under a brush pile and a fire started to consume the brush and blot out the crime. It is evident that the murder of the children was an effort on the part of the fiends to cover up a yet greater crime, as the physicians are sure that the little girl was ravished before she was killed.

The parents of the children are Samuel Good and wife, who reside about two miles north of this place on their own farm. The little boy was aged 7 and the little girl 5. The children left home Sunday morning to visit a neighbor. They remained away all the day, and when darkness came they had not returned. At first the parents were not so much concerned, thinking the children were waiting for the rain to cease, but as the hours passed by and they did not return Mr. and Mrs. Good became alarmed and told their neighbors. A searching party was organized and the hunt was kept up all of last night.

This morning the children were found. It was a sickening sight. Their discovery brought to light the most awful crime it is possible for the mind to conceive. The find was made at daybreak. The bodies were found in a brush heap. The little boy's throat was cut from ear to ear. The little girl's head was cut off and she was disemboweled. There were two deep gashes from the ribs to the groin. The dreadful crime was evidently done with an axe.

An attempt had been made to burn the brush pile, but the rain had dampened the brush so it would not burn. An examination of the body of the girl showed she had been ravished by the brutes, and it is believed the murders were committed and an attempt made to burn the brush to cover the crime of rape.

A young man whose name is Harp, aged about 17 years, is arrested, supposed to be in some way connected with the murder of the Good children, though search of his clothing and person reveal nothing.

THE GOLD DUST SWINDLER.

An Old Scheme Worked on a Boston Merchant.

Boston, Nov. 2.—Meyer J. Cohen, a tailor at 78 Prince street, has reported to the police the loss of $6,500 by a clever swindle. Cohen through a friend made a deal with a stranger to purchase 40 pounds of alleged gold dust, said to have been secured in the Siberian mines, where the swindler said he had served sixteen years of a life sentence before he escaped. The value of the dust was said to be $10,000,but the swindler would take $6,500 for it. Cohen paid the money. The dust proved to be worthless.

ANGELL WOULD NOT ACCEPT

Professor Swing's Position in the Great People's Church at Chicago.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 1.—President Angell, of the university, has been prominently mentioned here as Professor Swing's successor in the great People's church at Chicago. He was asked to preach a sermon next Sunday. The president, however, will remain in Ann Arbor. He has declined to preach even once.

"This is not my vocation, and as for the rumor that I am to take His place for good it is utterly unfounded, and I would not do so under any circumstances."

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FOREIGN.

THE AUTOMRAT IS DEAD.

The Czar of Russia Crosses the Dark River.

London, Nov. 1.—According to a private dispatch received by the Queen of Denmark, mother of the Czarina, the Czar died at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

THE DEAD CZAR.

Livadia, Nov. 1.—Immediately after the body of the czar has been prepared it will be laid upon an inclined table preliminary to being placed in a temporary coffin. The priests will then enter the bedroom and will chant a requiem. This will be repeated three times daily until the burial takes place. All the members of the imperial family will be present at the ceremonies. It is expected that the body of the czar will be removed to-morrow to the private chapel where special prayers for the repose of the emperor's soul will be offered and where, once a day, the Litany will be sung in addition to chanting a requiem as previously stated.

HOW THE CZAR DIED.

Showed Signs of Emotion When Speaking to the Empress.

London, Nov. 2.—A special dispatch from Livadia says that at 10 o'clock yesterday omrning the czar expressed a wish to speak to the czarewitch and for several minutes conversed with him in low, earnest tones while the attendants withdrew.

The czarewitch replied in a few words and bent down and kissed his

THE WIDOWED CZARINA.

father's lips. Then the emperor asked all of his children to come to his side, inviting the other immediate members of the imperial family to do the same. In a weak, but perfectly audible voice the dying man addressed his children and then taking the hand of the empress he, for the first time since his illness, showed signs of emotion. After this the czar seemed somewhat more cheerful and frequently addressed words of comfort to the empress, who had not left his side.

Towards 2 o'clock there were signs that the end of the czar was approaching. His breathing became more labored and a violent fit of coughing brought on a slight hemorrhage and this was followed by faintings. When this had partially passed away the czar turned to speak once more to his family, but the empress, who was supporting him could not hear his words and almost immediately afterwards he sighed deeply and ceased to breathe. His end was most peaceful.

NEW EMPEROR'S PROCLAMATION.

He Formally Communicates the News of His Father's Death.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 2.—The Official Messenger this morning publishes the first proclamation of Emperor Nicholas II, of Russia, in which, after formally communicating to the nation the news of the death of his father, Alexander III, he says:

"May the knowledge console you that our grief is the grief of our entire beloved nation, and may the nation not forget that the strength and firmness of Holy Russia lies in its unity and unbounded devotion to us.

"In this sad and solemn hour in

THE NEW CZAR, NICHOLAS II.

which we ascend our ancestral throne of the Russian empire and czardom of Poland and the grand duchy of Finland indissolubly linked with it, we, however, remember the legacy left us by our lamented father and imbued with it we, in the presence of the Most High, take a sacred vow to make our sole aim the peaceful development of the power and glory of our beloved Russia and the happiness of all our faithful subjects."

The manifesto concludes with commanding that the oath of allegiance be taken to him, Emperor Nicholas II, and to his heir apparent, Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch, his brother, who is to be entitled czarewitch until God may bless with a son the union which his majesty is about to enter into with Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt.

THEY PROCLAIMED NICHOLAS II.

The Czar of Russia is Acclaimed at the National Capital.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 2.—At 9 o'clock this morning the imperial heralds in brilliant uniforms, attended by a troop of trumpeters, announced the death of Alexander III. The two heralds, with their escorts, traversed all the principal streets of the city, and after the trumpeters had delivered three ringing blasts upon their trumpets, they made public the proclamation of Emperor Nicholas II, which has already been cabled to the Associated Press.

Throughout St. Petersburg to-day the accession of the new czar is being celebrated as a festival, for this event takes precedence of the mourning ceremonies. The Russian newspapers, therefore, appeared without black borders, and all signs of public mourning will be withheld until to-morrow.

At 10 o'clock yesterday evening the first requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Alexander III was celebrated in St. Petersburg, and all the ministers and members of the council of the empire were present. When the service was over, all those in attendance took the oath of allegiance to Czar Nicholas II and to the heir presumptive, the czarewitch, Grand Duke George, brother of the czar.

This morning the Senate met in plenary session, and all its members took the oath of allegiance.

At the same time all the troops forming the garrison of St. Petersburg were paraded in full uniform with their colors, and were sworn with the customary formality.

WILL THERE BE A NEW POLICY?

Speculation as to What Nicholas II Will Do at Home and Abroad.

London, Nov. 2.—A dispatch from Rome says it is believed the new czar, whose sympathies are known to be with Germany and England, will by degrees detach himself from France.

The special dispatch adds, however, that a personage connected with the Russian embassy asserts that the accession of Nicholas II., inaugurates a new policy; but only in regard to home legislation and in the direction of liberal reforms. In Russia foreign policy this official is quoted as saying the traditions of the czar's father will remain unchanged.

The vatican is said to hope that the czar will continue the traditions of friendliness towards Rome, which marked the last days of Alexander III.

The pope will be represented at the funeral of the czar either by Archbishop Mohileo or by the papal nuncio at Vienna.

The vatican believes that the death of the czar will in no way affect the Franco-Russian alliance and it is said

CROWN OF THE ROMANOFFS.

that so long as Cardinal Rampolla, who is an ardent friend of Russia, remains papal secretary of state, the adhesion of the vatican to the Franco-Russian alliance will remain an article of pontifical faith.

ALLEGIANCE TO NICHOLAS II.

Members of the War Council at St. Petersburg Take the Oath.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 3.—The members of the war council, and all classes, high and low, swore allegiance to Czar Nicholas at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The ceremony took place in the presence of the minister of war.

Messages of condolence continue to arrive from all parts of the world. The minister of finance has received many such telegrams from foreign banking houses.

NICHOLAS II AND ALIX

Will be Married a Few Days After the Late Czar's Funeral.

Berlin, Nov. 3.—A dispatch to the Tageblatt from St. Petersburg says that rings were exchanged yesterday between the Czar Nicholas and Princess Alix, of Hesse-Darmstadt. The same dispatch adds that the funeral of the late Czar has been fixed to occur between November 15 and 20, and that the wedding of the Czar and Princess Alix will take place a few days afterwards.

It is expected the Czar will upon this occasion grant an extensive political amnesty.

THE FUTURE CZARINA.

Princess Alix Accepts the Faith of Her Betrothed.

London, Nov. 5.—A dispatch to the Pall Mall Gazette from Livadia gives a description of the official reception of Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt into the Greek church. It says in substance:

Princess Alix entered the imperial chapel in a white dress and was led by the empress. She read aloud the articles of faith. Next came the paternoster and a prayer by the emperor's confessor, Father Yinicheff, which the princess followed. Father Yinicheff was followed by two assistants bearing in a jeweled bottle, which was carried on a rich tray, the sacred oil with which Father Yinicheff anointed the kneeling neophyte upon the forehead, breast and hands, and on the soles of her feet, at the same time giving her the new name of Alexandra Feodorovna.

After the service, the czar and czarina partook of holy communion with Princess Alix. The empress looked careworn.

HONORS TO THE DEAD.

The Remains of Alexander III Have Been Laid Out In State.

Livadia, Nov. 2.—The remains of Czar Alexander III., having been embalmed and attired in the uniform of the Preobrajensky regiment of the guard were conveyed this morning to the small private chapel of the palace. The bier was surrounded with lighted candles and is watched by relays of priests and officers of the army.

At the religious services, which were afterwards held in the chapel, all the members of the imperial family and the imperial household were present. The officiating priest, after censing the remains, began chanting an impressive liturgy. The whole ceremony was most imposing and produced the deepest effect upon those present.

UNIVERSAL MOURNING IN FRANCE

At the Death of Their Friend, the Late Czar of Russia.

Paris, Nov. 2.—There is universal mourning to-day throughout France at the death of the czar. Although the manifestations of grief are quiet, there is no doubting the fact that the grief of France is profound, and that the republic really believes that it has lost one of its best friends by the death of Alexander III. The tri-color of France, draped with black, is displayed on all sides, and mourning emblems are to be seen in many windows, while pictures of the dead czar, draped with crepe, are to be seen in countless store windows. The favorite form of mourning displayed is the draping of Russian and French flags combined, these emblems of the two countries being bound together with mourning bands.

The death of the czar, however, has caused no excitement in France, and has not been marked by any trouble on the bourse. The Boulevard quotation of French threes late yesterday evening only showed a falling off of 17 centimes.

The call of Casimir-Perier and the French ministers at the Russian embassy last evening was marked by profound emotion upon the part of the president, who solemnly expressed to the Russian ambassador, Baron De Mohrenheim, his grief and the grief of the French nation at the death of the czar.

All the theaters will be closed tonight, and they will all be closed on the day of the funeral.

The municipal council of Paris met to-day and drew up an address of condolence, and arranged to send a deputations of its members to St. Petersburg, who will take to the municipal council of St. Petersburg some magnificent floral wreaths to be place upon the casket containing the remains of the late emperor of Russia. The council general of the department of the Seine took similar action, and the students of Paris are holding a meeting this morning in order to make the arrangements necessary for sending a delegation to St. Petersburg and to Moscow, and have the students of those two cities represent the students of France at the funeral, and deposit upon the casket the wreaths which will be sent from France for that purpose.

EMPEROR WILLIAM MOURNS.

All Germany Does Honor to the Dead Monarch.

Berlin, Nov. 2.—The imperial standard floating over the new palace has been half-masted as a sign of Emperor William's sorrow at the death of the czar, and in all parts of Berlin, over public and private buildings, the German flag is displayed at half-mast.

By the emperor's command the theaters have been closed, and the court will go into mourning for four weeks. Among the people the death of the peace-loving czar is referred to as a catastrophe of far-reaching consequences. Far into the night men and boys were crying extra editions of the newspapers through the streets, and they continually found fresh purchasers who in many instances read aloud to people around them the sad news received from Russia.

On Unter Den Linden before the Russian embassy crowds of people gathered and discussed the positive effect of the death of the Russian emperor.

Emperor William, who came especially from Stettin for the purpose, paid an early call at the Russian embassy to-day, and expressed his condolences with the imperial family of Russia in the great loss which they had sustained.

PORT ARTHUR IN THEIR HANDS.

The Japanese Forces Are Marching On Towards Moukden.

Yokohama, Nov. 2.—It is announced here that the investment of Port Arthur by the Japanese forces by land and sea has been completed, and that the forward movement of both the Japanese armies in the direction of Moukden is being rapidly pushed. It is added that a portion of Field Marshal Count Oyama's force will attack Kinchow Asoya, which is occupied by the Chinese troops. In the meanwhile Gen. Nodzu's advance column is approaching Fung Whang, a fortified town on the main road between Wiju and Moukden, to which place all the Chinese troops retreated after leaving their positions north of the Yalu river. The Japanese expect to defeat the Chinese at both places and then unite their columns before the walls of Moukden.

GUERRILLA WAR IN PERU.

Business in a Paralytic State—Some Sharp Battles.

New York, Nov. 2.—A correspondent in Lima, Peru, sends this dispatch: "Business is in a paralytic state throughout the republic. The injury done already to the commercial interests of the country is incalculable, and it will be many years before Peru recovers herself from this warfare, which seems to be as far from the end as ever.

"In a battle between the government forces and guerrillas in Roaco, the latter were victorious and remain in possession of the town. The loss on both sides was severe and the fighting hard.

"In Pimenta the government troops surprised Teodoro Seminario and his followers; a sharp fight ensued in which the guerillas were considerably worsted, leaving behind them several dead and wounded besides some prisoners. Teodoro Seminario himself narrowly escaped being taken and only succeeded in getting away owing to the swiftness of his horses. He succeeded in carrying off the body of his brother, Alipio, who was killed."

PRESIDENT-ELECT MORAES

Issues a Manifesto, but Leaves Out National Politics.

Rio de Janeiro, Nov. 2.—President-elect Moraes has issued a manifesto in which he avoids any discussion of national politics, while strongly deprecating the section feelings which divide the country. He says he favors no party, and only desires to re-establish peace throughout the republic. He will reorganize the finances of the nation he promises, but in regard to the composition of his cabinet he remains silent. The president-elect's declarations have been well received in Rio Janeiro.

IT DID GREAT DAMAGE.

Ravages of an Earthquake in the Mexican States.

Mexico City, Nov. 5.—The earthquake extended to a number of towns in the states of Vera Cruz, Hidalgo, Puebla and Mexico. The damage in this city is estimated at a quarter of a million.

The press here as a unit declare that too much forbearance has been shown toward Guatemala.

President Diaz and a number of prominent military men have been attending a trial test of the new Mondragon rifles. The results under experienced experts were most satisfactory.

Tamigano, under the management of Edward Strakosch, representing Abbey & Grau, closed a most successful season last night at the Theater Naconal.

PEACE IN NICARAGUA NOW.

The Country is Recovering From Its Recent Troubles.

Managua, Nicaragua, Nov. 2.—In an interview with Under Secretary Gen. Matsu, he said, speaking of the affairs of his country:

"The new interior loan has been taken up by resident merchants, natives and foreign. The promptness with which it was subscribed shows the widespread confidence in President Zelaya and the administration of Dr. Baca, the new premier or secretary general.

"Importations are gradually increasing; in the Corinto customs house alone more than two hundred packages of merchandise have been landed from the last Panama and San Francisco steamers. The head of the national customs department estimates that during the coming December, December and January receipts from imports will exceed $500,000 per month."

JAPAN'S ARMIES ADVANCING.

Chinese Soldiers Evacuate Chin-Tien-Cheng.

Shanghai, Nov. 5.—11:15 a. m.—The Chinese army under Gen. Sung, which evacuated Chin-Tien-Cheng, is in a mountain pass on the highroad to Pekin. Strict orders have been issued to the army to defend the pass at all hazards.

A Japanese column is marching north with the intention of getting behind Gen. Sung's army. Several small passes south of Matienling are undefended.

It is again stated in Tien Tsin that a Japanese force has landed 40 miles north of Shanghai-Kwan. It is expected that foreigners will be officially requested to leave Pekin within a fortnight.

No Chinese version has been received of the fighting at Tallenwan, but it is generally believed that the accounts already given are true. An imperial decree has been received at Nankin summoning the viceroy of the Lian-Kiang provinces to proceed at once to Tien Tsin, and take the seals of the acting viceroyalty of Chigli from Li Hung Chang.

The News Confirmed.

London, Nov. 5.—A dispatch to the Reuter Telegram company from Korea says that an engagement took place on October 15 at Ah Sung, southward of Soone, between Kor

WASHINGTON.

CIVIL SERVICE LAW AMENDMENTS

Many Additions Made to the Classified Service.

Washington, Nov. 3.—The President yesterday signed several orders of the classified service to offices not heretofore classified and revising existing classifications in branches of the service already classified so as to bring within the classification many places heretofore excluded.

First—A revision of the customs classification so as to bring within that service all employes not serving merely as workmen or laborers, without regard to compensation. Heretofore this service has been classified on the basis of compensation, all employes receiving a compensation of less than $900, or a rate of compensation less than $900 per annum, have been excluded form the classification, and therefore not subject to the civil service rules. This action of the President brings the classification of the customs service into harmony with those of the other branches of the service.

Second—A amendment to customs rule 1, extending the classification to include all customs districts in which there are as many as twenty employes. The present limit is 50 employes, and under that limit eleven customs districts have been classified. The extension of the classification to include all districts in which there are as many as twenty employes will bring into the classified service certainly eleven additional districts and probably several more.

Third—An amendment to the classification of the departmental at Washington; as to include in the classified service, and subject to the civil service rules in all the departments, messengers, assistant messengers and watchmen.

Fourth—An amendment to the civil service rules abolishing the right or transfer, upon non-competitive examination, of persons appointed to excepted places after one year's service in such places to classified non-excepted places. Hereafter persons appointed from the outside to excepted places in any branch of the classified service can not be transferred at the end of one year into the places covered by examination.

Fifth—An order extending the classification of the postoffice department so as to include in the classified service of that department the clerks employed in the offices of the postoffice inspectors.

Sixth—Amendments to the postal rules withdrawing from the excepted class a very large proportion of the places now excepted from examination. This amendment will transfer from the excepted class in the classified postoffice to the non-excepted class probably not less than 1 500 places, the whole number of excepted places in the classified postoffices now being in the neighborhood of 2,200. Hereafter it will not include more than 700 or 800.

Seventh—An amendment to the department rules withdrawing from the excepted class in the department of agriculture the chiefs of the divisions of entomology, economic ornithology and mammalogy, and pomology, and the assistant chiefs of these divisions.

Eighth—An amendment to the Indian rule providing for the appointment as assistant teachers in the Indian school service, without civil service examination, the graduates of the normal classes at the Salem, Ore.; Santa Fe, N. M.; Haskell institute, Lawrence, Kan.; Carlisle school, Carlisle, Pa.; Hampton institute, Hampton, Va., upon their certificates of graduation; but before they can be advanced to full teacherships they shall be required to pass the regular civil service examination.

Nine—Allowing appointment without examination for not exceeding thirty days to the places which may be filled by non-competitive examination in the department at Washington in cases of emergency, pending an examination by the commission. No appointment made under this authority can continue longer than thirty days.

The President has had these changes under consideration for some time, and before his return from his vacation notified the commission that immediately upon his return he would consult with them in reference thereto. Other important changes involving an extension of the classified service are still under consideration, and only await arrangement of minor details through conference between the civil service commission and the heads of various departments.

NICHOLAS II TO THE PRESIDENT.

The New Ruler of Russia Sends an Official Telegram.

Washington, Nov. 2.—In addition to a short cablegram from United States Minister Breckenridge at St. Petersburg received by Secretary Gresham last night announcing the death of the czar at 2:15 yesterday and the communication of the fact by Prince Cantecuzene, the Russian minister here, Minister Breckenridge this morning addressed the following cablegram to Secretary Gresham:

"St. Petersburg, Nov. 2.
"Nicholas II. declared emperor.
(Signed) "BRECKENRIDGE."

In the course of the day there being some delay owing to the illness of Secretary Gresham the following response was cabled to Minister Breckenridge:

"Department of State,
"Washington, D. C., Nov. 2.
"The President has sent to Lavadia, in response to the telegram from Emperor Nicholas, a message of sincere regret and condolence. You will make this known to Mr. DeGlers, expressing the sincere sympathy of the President and the people of the United States to the Russian people in their deep grief.
(Signed) "GRESHAM."

In addition to the foregoing exchange of sympathetic messages, the following personal cablegrams passed to-day directly between Emperor Nicholas II and President Cleveland:

"Livadia, Nov. 2, 1894.
"To the President of the United States of America:—I have the sorrow to impart to you the cruel loss that I and Russia have just sustained in the person of my beloved father, Emperor Alexander, deceased this day.
(Signed) "NICHOLAS."

The President replied to this personal note as follows:

"Washington, D. C., U. S. A.,
"Nov. 2, 1894.
"To His Majesty, Nicholas II, Emperor of Russia, Livadia:—I hasten to express my heartfelt sympathy and the sympathy of my countrymen with the royal family and the Russian people in their affliction by reason of the death of your honored father.
(Signed) "GROVER CLEVELAND."

ARBITRATION TO BE USED.

President Cleveland May be Arbitrator.

Washington, Nov. 1.—Minister Mendonca, of Brazil, has not been advised as to a reported purpose of Brazil to submit her differences with France and Italy to arbitration. The trouble with Italy resulted from riots in Brazil, in which a number of Italians were killed. Italy has demanded indemnity, and arbitration has been suggested by Italy, but until now without the consent of Brazil. If both countries come together on arbitration it is possible that President Cleveland may be chosen arbitrator, although he declined to act as long as the subject had a belligerent aspect. The reported arbitration between France and Brazil is thought to relate to the Northern boundary of Brazil as that is the only pending difference between the countries.

MONTHLY TREASURY STATEMENT.

Disbursements far in Excess of Receipts.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The monthly treasury statement shows the total receipts during the month of October to have been $19,139,240, and the disbursements, $32,713,030, having a deficit for the month of $13,573,790, and for the four months of the present fiscal year $14,353,859. Of the receipts for October, $11,962,118 was from customs, $6,493,438 from internal revenue, and $683,683 from miscellaneous sources. Of the expenditures, $11,053,357 was for pensions.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IS THE WORK OF DEMOCRACY.

Importation of American Cattle to Germany Has Been Stopped.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The announcement by The Associated Press that the embargo placed upon American cattle by the Senate at Hamburg had been extended to the length of an exclusion of American cattle and dressed meat from every port of Germany, was received with surprise by department officials yesterday. That the Texas fever was merely a ground which Germany could adopt for enforcing retaliatory measures against the United States because of the supposed discrimination against German interests in the sugar schedule of the tariff bill, was the prevailing impression.

GERMANY IS FIRM.

A Question of Endurance Between America and Germany.

Washington, Nov. 2.—There is little reason now to expect that the German government will relax its new order prohibiting the importation of American cattle and fresh beef, and it is probable that the matter will settle down to a question of endurance as between German sugar and American beef. Our ambassodar at Berlin, Mr. Runyon, has presented Secretary Gresham's vigorous protest to the German foreign minister, and accompanied it with the promise that the President will recommend to Congress the amendment of the sugar schedules of the tariff act in the line of removing the differential duty which is the cause of the German complaint of discrimination.

Apparently his representations have but little impression, for he cabled the State Department to-day the the German minister had disclaimed any idea of retaliation, and had assured him that the prohibition of our cattle was based solely on sanitary reasons that could not be neglected; that there was veterinary evidence to show that recent importations of cattle contained two well defined cases of Texas fever and therefore the prohibition could not be removed.

Of course our State Department cannot go behind the German disclaimer of retaliation, however it may regard the prohibition, and must content itself with trying to disprove the diagnosis of the German veterinarians and then settle down to a waiting policy. Meanwhile it will be interesting to note how the President treats the subject in his message to Congress.

WE MAY RETALIATE.

German Horses May be Excluded From America.

Washington, Nov. 5.—The embargo which Germany has just placed against American cattle may have a sequel which the German authorities have not anticipated, viz., an investigation as to the glanders and the diseases known as horse syphilis, which German horses brought to this country are affected. Secretary Morton called attention in his last report to the lack of inspection of horses coming from abroad, and suggested that it would be well to provide for quarantining horses.

At that time there was much comity between this country and those of Europe in the shipment of live stock that the horse inspection was not urged. Now, however, with Germany closing its ports against American cattle, the secretary's suggestion of protection against diseased horses becomes pertinent.

"There is much more reason," said Dr. Salmon, of the bureau of animal industry, "which this country should exclude diseased horses than that Germany should exclude diseased cattle. The action of Germany is ostensibly on the ground of diseased cattle, but there was only an insignificant per centage of the diseased cattle shipped to Germany and there is no reason for excluding all because a small class are alleged to be affected. We recently received a shipment of sheep from England affected with the hoof rot, which is much worse than Texas fever.

"We sent them back, but I did not suggest that we should exclude all sheep because these were affected. It is the case with the horses affected with the glanders and horse syphilis. There ought to be protection against such disease and the secretary has urged it. This country takes a good many horses from Germany, mainly of the heavy coaching variety. They are sound as a rule yet the glanders and syphilitic horses get in occasionally. If, therefore, an entire class of stock is to be judged by a few diseased ones, it would seem to be time to establish horse quarantine."

WILL SUGGEST RADICAL CHANGES

For the Inspection of Imported and Exported Foods.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Secretary Mirton, of the Agricultural department, is giving attention to the question of the inspection of the foods exported and imported from and imported into the United States, and as a result, may suggest some very radical steps in his next report.

The recent action of Germany in prohibiting the acceptance of American cattle, has brought the system, or lack of system, to the front as a vital question.

Secretary Morton thinks the principle of requiring inspection of foods and drinks is a wise one, if properly and effectually enforced, but thinks also that the present regulations governing commerce between the United States and Germany, France, and other countries are in some respects disadvantageous to Americans.

In speaking of the matter to-day, Secretary Morton said: "I have decided to recommend in my next report that an inspection of these imports be provided for. There should be a microscopical inspection at the ports of entry to detect the presence of adulterations, and shipments should be inspected also by officials of the countries from which they come and certificates of their purity furnished.

MISS CARLISLE'S MARRIAGE.

The Happy Man is a Prosperous and Wealthy Citizen of Denver.

Washington, Oct. 31.—Secretary Carlisle's handsome residence on K street was the scene to-day of the most brilliant society event of the fall season, the marriage of Hiss Mattie Thompson, of Kentucky, and Mr. William Leonard Davis, of Colorado. Miss Thompson is the daughter of Colonel Philip B. Thompson, a prominent Kentuckian, and an ex-member of Congress, and Mr. Davis, who was for several years vice-president of the New York World Publishing company, has extensive mining interests in Colorado, to which he devotes his time.

The ceremony took place at noon under gas light in the large drawing room, the walls of which were almost concealed under draperies of smilax, plumes, and wild laurel vines, twined with white roses and orchids. From the ceiling was suspended a chime of wedding bells, under which the wedding party stood during the ceremony.

The bride, who is a handsome brunette, wore a gown of heavy white satin, by Worth, of Paris, trimmed with antique Venetian Point, a tulle veil, with a coronet of orange blossoms and two rich diamond crescents, the gift of the groom. Her trousseau was an extensive one; the traveling dress is of dark green crepon with applique of old Russian lace and a wrap of short clipped Persian lamb. Mrs. Carlisle wore a Worth gown of mauve and gray satin, elaborately trimmed in cream chiffon and lace. Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, sister of the groom, wore a handsome Worth gown of purple velvet.

PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

Asking the People to Observe Thanksgiving Day.

Washington, Nov. 1.—The President to-day issued the following:

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

The American people should gratefully render thanksgiving and praise to the supreme ruler of the universe, who has watched over them with kindness and fostering care during the year that has passed; they should also, with humility and faith supplicate the father of all mercies for continued blessings according to their needs, and they should, by deeds of charity, seek the favor of the giver of every good and perfect gift.

Therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 29th day of November, instant, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed by all the people of the land.

On that day let our ordinary work and business be suspended, and let us meet in our accustomed places of worship and give thanks to Almighty God for our preservation as a nation, for our immunity from disease and pestilence, for the harvests that have rewarded our husbandry, for a renewal of national prosperity and for every advance in virtue and intelligence that has marked our growth as a people.

And with our thanksgiving let us pray that these blessings may be multiplied unto us, that our national conscience may be quickened to a better recognition of the power and goodness of God, and that in our national life we may clearer see and closer follow the path of righteousness. And in our places of worship and praise, as well as in the happy reunions of kindred and friends on that day, let us invoke Divine approval by generously remembering the poor and needy. Surely he who has given us comfort and plenty will look upon our relief of the destitute and our ministrations of charity as the work of hearts truly grateful and as proofs of thankfulness. Surely he who has given us comfort and plenty will look upon our relief of the destitute and our ministrations of charity as the work of hearts truly grateful and as proofs of the sincerity of our thanksgiving.

Witness my hand and the seal of the United States, which I have caused to be hereto affixed.

Done at the city of Washington on the first day of November, in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-four, and of the independence of the Union one hundred and nineteenth.

By the President.
GROVER CLEVELAND
W. Q. GRESHAM, Sec'y. of State.

IT IS A FAILURE.

Use of Bicycles by the Army Regulars.

Washington, Nov. 5.—The bright hopes that have been entertained by the military men that the bicycle might be an effective adjunct in war time have been dashed by the exhaustive trials made in Germany, France and Austria of bicycle corps. United States Consul Stephen at Annaberg has transmitted to the State department, an article from a military correspondent upon the result of the trials made in Germany, which he says correspond to those obtained in France and Austria. He says:

"We have it on trustworthy authority that the results of the trials which the various army corps have made with the cyclists by no means come up to the expectations which were formed. The cyclists have been tested in every possible way and although it is not forgotten that the cycle is capable of farther development and the cyclist of still better training, still this will have little influence on the general result. For military purposes, too, a distinction must always be made between the achievements of professional and amateur cracks and the work that can be done by the average soldier."

The correspondent details one or two cases wherein the cyclists were of service as mounted postmen, but says where the roads were bad, they were of no use at all, and certainly can never replace the mounted orderly. Says he: "An arm which can only be effectively employed under special conditions can never rise to be of general importance."

UNDERGROUND TUNNEL AND CAR

To Convey Books From the Library to the Congressmen.

Washington, Nov. 5.—The plans of Librarian Spofford and Supt. Green, of the new Congressional library building include an ingenious device for supplying books to the Capitol. They expect to meet the demands of Senators and members of the House for literature from the nation's vast store, through an underground conduit constructed between the two buildings. At present the books are obtained by personal application to an assistant librarian.

The new library building is only about 200 yards from the Capitol building, and it is believed that the obstacle of distance can be overcome by the construction of an underground passageway, and the use of a pulley with an ingenious car, which has been invented specially for this purpose. A pneumatic tube is also to be employed for the purpose of ordering books.

A portion of the books now in the library—about 70,000 volumes—will be left in their present quarters for still greater convenience.

THEY HAVE IT IN GERMANY.

Have to Contend With a New Trouble.

Washington, Nov. 6.—While the German government is accusing our cattle men of introducing Texas fever into Germany, they have themselves to contend with another formidable cattle disease, which has broken out again among the farm animals in Central Germany, notably in Voigtland and Saxe-Altenberg.

This disease is known as the flaps and foot-rot, and United States Consul Stephen, at Annaberg, who reports the outbreak to the State department, says it is the more unfortunate for the farmers there, as only two years ago the same disease reduced the stock considerably, and as the drouth of 1893, with its subsequent fodder-scarcity, compelled the farmers to slaughter large numbers of their cattle.

Though the local authorities are doing their utmost to prevent an extension of the disease, it appears that they have not succeeded, for nearly every new issue of the official paper mentions new cases. The frequent appearance of these diseases in the same locality is certainly no evidence of a healthy condition of German farm animals.

WILL OCCUR IN DECEMBER.

Satolli Will Then Become a Cardinal.

New York, Nov. 2.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Staats Zeitung telegraphs that paper that the elevation of Mgr. Satolli to the rank of cardinal in December is no longer a secret at the papal legation. He is receiving congratulations already, and Mgr. McMahon contributed $7,000 to the expenses of the elevation of the archbishop. Mgr. Satolli will soon return to Rome, and as his successor the name of Mgr. Lorenzilli is frequently mentioned. It is also stated that Dr. Hector Papi, secretary of the legation, will resign his post and retire to a Jesuit convent in Frederick, Md.

HAS WRITTEN NO LETTER

Bearing in Any Way Upon the Political Canvass.

Washington, Nov. 6.—A dispatch from Albany, N. Y., printed yesterday, gives an extract from a letter purporting to have been written by President Cleveland to Robert L. Thacher, upon the political situation. It can be stated on authority that the President has not written any letter bearing upon the existing political canvass in New York state.

Have Moved Out to Woodley.

Washington, Nov. 3.—President Cleveland and his family moved yesterday from the White House to Woodley, on the heights overlooking the city, about three miles away. Their stay there is indefinite, but will probably be extended until Congress assembles.

THE SENATORS WHOSE TERMS EXPIRE ON MARCH 4 NEXT.

What the Contest Will Be in Each State To-Day—Four Tickets in Almost Every State.

Washington, Nov. 6.—The most intense interest of the campaign ended to-day developed in the legislative contests in most of the states, for the legislatures to be elected to-day will in most cases have the choosing of a United States Senate.

The Senators whose terms expire march 4, 1895, are: John T. Morgan, of Alabama, who is already assured of re-election; James H. Berry, of Arkansas, whose successor will be ex-Governor Fishback; Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado; Anthony Higgins, of Delaware; George L. Shoup, of Idaho; Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois; James F. Wilson, of Iowa; John Martin, of Kansas; William Lindsay, of Kentucky; Donelson Caffery, of Louisiana; William P. Frye, of Maine; George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts; James McMillan, of Michigan; William D. Washburn, of Minnesota; James McLaurin, of Mississippi; Thomas C. Power, of Montana; Charles F. Manderson, of Nebraska; William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire; John R. McPherson, of New Jersey; M. W. Ransom, of North Carolina; Joseph H. Dolph, of Oregon; Nathan F. Dixon, of Rhode Island, whose successor, ex-Governor Wetmore, has already been chosen; Matthew C. Butler, of South Carolina; Richard F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota; Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee; Richard Coke, of Texas; Eppa Hunton, of Virginia; J. N. Camden, of West Virginia, and Joseph M. Carey, of Wyoming.

In addition to these, vacancies for the terms ending in 1899 are to be filled by the legislatures of Wyoming, Montana and Washington. Iowa has already elected Congressman Greer to succeed Senator Wilson. Virginia has elected Col. Martin to fill the place of Eppa Hunton. Kentucky has chosen Senator Lindsay to succeed himself. The legislature of Louisiana will also have the naming of the successor to Judge White. Senator Walthall will resume the Senatorship of 1895.

California, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Wisconsin and Wyoming elect complete state tickets this year. Delaware elects only governor, legislature and Congressmen, as does Tennessee. Illinois elects state treasurer, superintendent of public instruction and regent of the state university, in addition to the election for legislature and Congressmen, which, of course, take place in all the states. Missouri votes for judge of the supreme court, for state superintendent of schools and state railroad commissioner.

Pennsylvania elects one half its state senate, its entire lower house, a governor, lieutenant, and an auditor general.

Iowa votes for secretary, auditor, treasurer, railroad commissioner, judge and clerk of the supreme court. New Jersey elects six senators and sixty assemblymen, who will have a voice in the selection of Senator McPherson's successor. Kentucky elects judges of its courts of appeals and county officers. Its legislature has already named Senator William Lindsay, whose term expires in 1895, to succeed himself. Washington elects two supreme court judges, its county and precinct officers, and its legislature is expected to fill the vacancy occasioned by a dead-lock similar to that of Wyoming.

North Carolina elects judges and solicitors.

Indiana elects a secretary of state, auditor, treasurer, attorney general, judge of the supreme court, clerk of the supreme court, superintendent of public instruction, state geologist and state statistician.

Montana votes only for associate justice of the supreme court.

New Hampshire votes only for governor, New York for governor, lieutenant governor and judge of the court of appeals. Ohio votes for secretary of state, judge of the supreme court, board of public works, and school commissioners.

In the remaining states only Congressmen and legislatures are to be voted for.

It is an odd fact that there are four tickets in almost every state, and a recapitulation of the candidates for governor will show this clearly:

California—Morris M. Estee, Republican; James H. Budd, Democrat; J. V. Webster, Populist; John Bidwell, Prohibitionist.

Colorado—A. W. McIntyre, Republican; Charles S. Thomas, Democrat; Davis H. Waite, Populist; George Richardson, Prohibitionist.

Connecticut—O. Vincent Giffin, Republican; Ernest Cady, Democrat; Edwin C. Bingham, Populist; DeWitt C. Pond, Prohibitionist; J. F. Tuckey, Socialist.

Delaware—Joshua H. Marvil, Republican; Ebe W. Tunnell, Democrat; J. A. Fulton, Populist; Thomas J. Perry, Prohibitionist.

Idaho—W. J. McConnell, Republican; E. A. Stevenson, Democrat; J. W. Ballantine, Populist; Henry C. McFarland, Prohibitionist.

Kansas—E. N. Morrill, Republican; David Overmeyer, Democrat; L. D. Lewellyn, Populist.

Massachusetts—Frederick T. Greenhalge, Republican; John E. Russell, Democrat; George H. Cary, Populist; Alfred W. Richardson, Prohibitionist; David Taylor, Socialist-Labor.

Michigan—John T. Rich, Republican; Spencer O. Fisher, Democrat; A. W. Nichols, Populist; Albert M. Todd, Prohibitionist.

Minnesota—Knute Nelson, Republican; George L. Becker, Democrat; Sudney M. Owen, Populist; H. S. Hilleboe, Prohibitionist.

Nebraska—Thomas J. Majors, Republican; Silas A. Holcomb, Populist-Democrat; E. A. Gerrard, Prohibitionist.

Nevada—A. C. Cleveland, Republican; Theodore Winters, Democrat; G. E. Peckham, Populist; J. C. Jones, Silver.

New Hampshire—Charles A. Busiel, Republican; Henry C. Kent, Democrat; George D. Epps, Populist; Daniel C. Knowles, Prohibitionist.

New York—David R. Hill, Democrat; Levi P. Morton, Republican; Everett Wheeler, Empire State Democracy; Francis E. Baldwin, Prohibitionist; Charles Matchett, Socialist-Labor.

North Dakota—Roger Allin, Republican-Prohibitionist; E. H. Kinter, Democrat; Elmer D. Wallace, Populist.

Pennsylvania—Daniel H. Hastings, Republican; William M. Singerly, Democrat; John T. Allman, Populist; Charles L. Hawley, Prohibitionist.

South Carolina—John Gray Evans, Populist-Democrat; Sampson Pope, Independent Democrat.

South Dakota—Charles H. Sheldon, Republican; James A. Ward, Democrat; Isaac Howe, Populist.

Wyoming—William A. Richards, Republican; W. H. Halliday, Democrat; L. C. Tibbali, Populist.

Wisconsin—William H. Upham, Republican; George W. Peck, Democrat; Frank Powell, Populist; F. Cleghorn, Prohibitionist.

Texas—W. K. Makemson, Republican; J. B. Schmitz, Reform Republican; Charles A. Culberson, Democrat; Thomas L. Nugent, Populist; J. M. Dunn, Prohibitionist.

Tennesee—Peter Turney, Republican; H. Clay Evans, Democrat.

MAY ADOPT TELEPHONES.

To Do Away With Red Tape in the Use of Messengers.

Washington, Nov. 6.—An interesting situation in regard to the telephones for the government is developing in the departments at Washington.

The question to be decided is one directly affecting the general use of instruments for governmental purposes. The various departments require interconnection and also some economical means of internal communication.

It is claimed that the rates of the telephone compel the license of the company, operated in Washington, and the well-known fact that it will only rent and not sell apparatus has so far prevented the adoption of a system in all the departments that would largely dispense with messengers and act as a decided lubricant to the ponderous wheels of routine.

Will Succeed Marshal Bede.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The President has appointed William M. Campbell, of Minnesota, United States marshal for Minnesota, in place of J. A. Bede, resigned.

LAND GRANT CASES.

A Land Company and Settlers Come Together.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The supreme court will hear arguments within the next four days in the somewhat famous land grant cases from the state of Michigan, in which the Lake Superior Ship Canal Railway and Iron company is the plaintiff, and Walter Cunningham, Hugh Finan and Michael Donohue, the defendants, on appeal from the United States circuit court from the western district of Michigan. These are only test cases. Their determination one way or the other will settle a long contested dispute over the ownership of about 400,000 acres of valuable land.

From Dr. Harris's Report.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The annual report of Dr. W. T. Harris, commissioner of education, says that 23 per cent of the population attends school during some period of the year. The average period of attendance in the year, however, is only 89 days for each pupil.

GEN. BOOTH IN WASHINGTON.

Outpouring of the Salvationists to Greet Their Leader.

Washington, Nov. 6.—There was an outpouring of Salvation Army soldiers at the Pennsylvania depot yesterday to greet General Booth, the commander-in-chief of the army, who arrived at 1 o'clock.

Members of the district auxiliary leagues, Rev. S. M. Newman, pastor of the First Congregational church, Rev. L. B. Wilson, Methodist presiding elder of the district, Mr. H. B. MacFarland and others extended a welcome to him on behalf of the district. General Booth was accompanied by his son, Ballington Booth, and several other officers of the army. There was an army parade on Pennsylvania avenue to the local barracks and Gen. Booth was escorted to the residence of W. R. Woodward, a prominent merchant, where he is being entertained. During the afternoon Gen. Booth met the clergymen of the city at the Congregational church, and last night he addressed an immense audience in Convention hall, the largest assembly place in the city.

ABOUT RE-IMPORTED WHISKY.

It Must Pay $1.10 a Gallon Under All Circumstances.

Louisville, Nov. 1.—By a decision of the United States board of appraisers of New York, reimported whisky on which tax had not been paid prior to the new tariff laws going into effect, must pay $1.10 a gallon, even if it had been reimported prior to the time the tariff law went into effect. A copy of this decision was received here by Surveyor Alford yesterday. The question arose over some 4,000 or 5,000 barrels of whisky held by twelve different owners in the Louisville public warehouse. Surveyor Alford refused to accept less than $1.10 per gallon for the tax, and an appeal was taken to the board. The decision is dated October 29.

Secretary Carlisle has decided that reimported whisky does not even get the benefit of the eight-year bonded period. In line with the decision given above, the secretary holds that reimported whisky pays a duty and not an internal revenue tax and is therefore to be treated as any other import.

CHAIRMAN TANNER IN JAIL.

Mayor Hopkins After Him for Criminal Libel.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—Mayor Hopkins to-day went before the Grand Jury for the purpose of securing an indictment against Chairman John R. Tanner, of the Republican state central committee. The mayor charges that Tanner circulated campaign literature containing charges that the former had levied blackmail on the vices of the city.

Mayor Hopkins declared to-day that he will relentlessly prosecute the Republican leader for criminal libel and said he had no doubt that the Grand Jury would return an indictment, Chairman Tanner, in anticipation of arrest, remained at Republican headquarters with a bevy of bondsmen and attorneys, ready to resist any attempt to send him to jail.

After the mayor had laid his evidence before the grand jury a hot session followed, resulting in the refusal of th ejury to take any action in the matter. Mayor Hopkins then went before a justice of the peace to swear out a warrant for Tanner's arrest.

S. G. WORDEN CONFESSES

To Having Been Guilty of Wrecking a Train During the Strike.

Woodland, Cal., Nov. 1.—The trial for murder of S. G. Worden, one of the five A. R. U. men under arrest for having caused the railroad accident which resulted in the death of Engineer Clark and four United States soldiers during the recent strike, developed a sensation yesterday. C. J. Stillwell, a private detective, testified to an alleged confession which was produced in Worden's handwriting in which the prisoner on trial confessed complicity to the crime and implicated the other men arrested.

Worden in this statement alleges that the train wreckers were given the dynamite which they used to shatter the bridge by Compton, a member of the mediation committee. Worden also makes somewhat remarkable statements that he hired a carriage and drove with the train wreckers almost to the bridge, but he left them and returned to Sacramento before they began their work of destruction.

SENATOR DAN VOORHEES BETTER.

He Has Stood the Fatigue of Campaigning Splendidly.

Washington, Nov. 1.—Friends of Senator Voorhees, who were concerned about his health during the latter part of the session of Congress feel greatly assured over the letters received here from him. He was unable to occupy his seat in the Senate for several weeks before adjournment but he now writes that his condition is vastly improved. Addressing Col. Richard J. Bridgit, sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, Senator Voorhees says he has participated in the Indiana campaign to the extent of speaking for an hour and three-quarters for twenty days out of a possible twenty-five, mostly in the open air and to such crowds as he had never seen before. He adds that while the work has fatigued him very much, he has "stood it wonderfully." He expects to go to the Arkansas Hot Springs at the conclusion of the Indiana campaign.

ONLY ONE IN AMERICA.

A Distinctly Russian Edifice at Streator.

Chicago, Nov. 6.—The Russian church at Streator, Ill., is completed, and probably will be consecrated next Sunday by Bishop Nicolai. The church at Streator is the only distinctly Russian edifice in America, except the Cathedral at Sitka, Alaska. It is built entirely of the remains of the Russian vestibule in the Manufactures building at the World's fair. Every inch of the pine or sweet-smelling ichen wood, of which the church is constructed, came from Russia. Even the crosses surmounting the domes are in accordance with the traditions of the church of the czar. The cross has three pieces. The first represents the board on which the inscription was written at the time of the crucifixion, the second the arms, and the third the foot rest. All Russian churches are known by this cross.

COTTON SITUATION IN TEXAS.

Conditions Continue to Favor the Largest Crop Ever Raised.

Dallas, Tex., Nov. 6.—The cotton situation continue to favor the biggest crop ever raised in Texas. The weather is still bright, balmy, warm and perfectly clear. Bottom, middle and top crops are full. Many farmers speak of abandoning what is left. They say it will scarcely pay the expense of picking, packing, ties, ginning and marketing.

It is certain that thousands of bales raised will never be taken from the stalks. Just about now everybody is swearing that he will not plant a seed of cotton next year. Almost any of the common products of the soil of Texas will pay better, such as corn, oats or wheat. An inroad of this, three or four times the usual acreage of fall wheat is being sown.

CUTICURA for the HAIR

Luxuriant hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, free from irritating and scaly eruptions, is produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

ELABORATE INFORMATION TO BE GIVEN BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The Publication Will Embrace the Proceedings of the National Road Conference and Will be Complete.

Washington, Nov. 6.—The agricultural department is about to issue elaborate information on the subject of "Good Roads," which Congress has directed the department to investigate. The publication will not embrace the entire proceedings of the National Road conference, held at Asbury Park, N. J., July 5 and 6 last, at which conference every shade of opinion on improving roads was presented. Mr. Roy Stone, the special agent and road engineer of the department, will also include a number of addresses on the road question. He makes no report, so that these addresses practically constitute a report. Mr. Stone says among other things:

"The main question is how can a people having no surplus capital build good roads? For an answer we must go where they have done it successfully and study the methods adopted. First we must study all the economics possible in construction; second, we must find out all the parties to be benefited, and see that each bears his proper share of the cost, whether or not he belongs to the immediate locality or even to the present generation of men; third, we must look into local questions of road materials and transportation, and into all latest improvements in road implements and machinery.

"But who is to do all this? And that brings us to the first practical step in general road improvement, namely, that every state should have a permanent commission composed of citizens of the highest character to undertake this investigation and recommend the necessary measures to the legislature to watch the workings of these measures when adopted, and to secure any possible improvement in them. The next step is to make the best possible convict labor in road building. My own impression is that state prison convicts will be best employed in the preparation of road materials in quarry camps, or gravel pits, where they can be guarded and secluded as easily as in prisons, and that county prisoners and tramps should do the grading and all other preparatory work on the roads."

NITRIC ACID EXPLOSION

Causes Death and Injury in Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 6.—Death is the sequel to the disastrous explosion Sunday morning last of two carboys of nitric acid on Market street. One man is dead and several of the injured may die.

The Dead.
DAVID FRIEND, watchman.
The Injured.
John Dode.
Joseph Feely.
Edward McHil.
Joan McIntyre.
Wm. Munson.
Frank Whitmore, captain insurance patrol No. 1, may die.

The fire was caused by an explosion Sunday morning of two carboys of chemically pure nitric acid.

All of the men were injured by inhaling the acid fumes. The physicians attending them declared that the effects of inhaling nitric acid fumes would not develop inside of 24 hours, and it was about that time after the fire that Friend expired. Capt. Whitmore is well known in the sporting world as a wrestler.

REMARKABLE IDENTIFICATION

Of One of the Victims of the Great Hinckley Fire.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 5.—A remarkable case of identification of one of the unknown victims of the great Hinckley forest fire was reported yesterday. An old man named William Goodsell, of Butternut Lake, Wis., whose son was believed to have been in the neighborhood of Hinckley at the time of the fire, came up from his home several days ago determined to find some trace of his missing son. At Hinckley he enlisted help and disinterred all the bodies of unknown men buried there without finding what seemed like his son. Going further north, near Skunk Lake, he caused more bodies to be unearthed, the fourth one proving to be that of a man too badly burned for identification, and nude except the upper portion of one sock, on which was found his son's laundry mark. The old man, with a coffin carrying his son's remains, went back home to-day.

UNITED STATES SENATOR SUED.

Alleged Failure to Furnish Funds the Cause.

Milwaukee, Nov. 6.—A suit for $18,000 damages was begun in the Circuit Court yesterday for alleged failure to furnish funds to complete the soldiers' monument which he agreed to present to the city in 1890. The plaintiff is John S. Conway, an American sculptor, residing in Rome. The complaint says that Mitchell agreed to pay $25,000 for the monument, and that after paying the sum of $5,551, he refused to make any further payments, and repudiated all obligations under the contract. The contract for the monument was made in the winter of 1891, and has advanced to the stage of a half-size model.

REGARDING ORIENTAL FREIGHT.

Instructions to Collector Dorsey on the Subject.

Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 2.—Deputy Collector Dorsey received a telegram ordering him to allow the lead which arrived here en route to Yokohama via the steamship Tacoma to be loaded not more than half an hour after the ship had left port. The ship could not be readily recalled then. Besides her hold was filled with other cargo. The telegram from the treasury department ordered that hereafter no freight consigned to the Orient shall be stopped unless the customs officers are certain it is contraband of war. The lead was consigned to the American Leading company of Yokohama.

STEEL WORKS SHUT DOWN.

Rail Straighteners Have a Grievance and Go to Chairman Frick.

Braddock, Pa., Nov. 6.—The finishing department of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works is idle, and a complete suspension may follow. The rail straighteners were told this morning that the telegraphes were to be dispensed with and the straighteners would be required to do the work without additional compensation. The straighteners thereupon quit work, and appointed a committee to carry their grievances to Chairman Frick. About 150 men are now affected, and should a compromise not be made the entire plant will have to close down.

Hog Cholera in Wisconsin.

Janesville, Wis., Nov. 1.—The hog cholera is raging with fearful fatality in the county, hundreds of hogs dying in a few hours after the disease is noticed. State Veterinarian Frank J. Touasant claims to have a sure remedy for the hog cholera. Last evening he inoculated a horse and three hours later killed the horse feeding the carcass to the diseased hogs. He claims that the hogs will recover after eating this meat.

NO FREE TRADE IN PERU.

All Articles Hitherto Not Dutiable Have Now to be Paid For.

London, Nov. 6.—A dispatch to the Times from Lima says that the Caceres government has imposed duties on all articles that have hitherto been admitted to Peru free of duty. On iron, coal and machinery a duty is imposed of 8 per cent ad valorem plus 6 cents silver per ton of 1,000 kilos.

General Pierola, the ex-president, has landed at Pisco, 100 miles south of Callao.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE IRON TRADE REVIEW.

Time to Make Calculations on the Condition of Trade.

Cleveland, Nov. 2.—The Iron Trade Review this week says: The iron trade has come to a date at which calculations usually begin to be made reaching into the new year. There is much expectancy and more prophesying relative to 1895, but a practical unanimity in the opinion that if any decided change in conditions comes in the next twelve months no signs have yet developed. In the Lake Superior ore trade another year's record is soon to be closed with shipments likely to run closer to 7,000,000 tons than was counted on early in the season. The outlook for Bessemer ores was never more promising and for non-Bessemers demand is at the lowest point in years. Pig iron producers are finding at the end of October a less encouraging situation in some respects than at the opening of the month.

The inability of the farther Western railroads to borrow money for re-equipment and re-tracking is not especially encouraging to steel mills in that section that have carried long overdue hopes of a railroad revival.

Western bar mill men did not get together as planned owing to the failure to enlist important Ohio mills. Wire nail men have been working industriously on a combination, but one or two unwilling producers stand n the way.

Good Weather for Crops.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The weather bureau in its review of weather crop conditions, issued yesterday, says